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No. 1400.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—THE NEXT MEETING will be held at LIVERPOOL, commencing on September 30, 1854, under the Presidency of the EARL of HARROWBY, F.R.S. The Reception Room will be in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., St. Mary's Lodge, York; or to Dr. Dickinson, F.R.S. and Dr. Lumsden, Local Secretaries, Liverpool.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer,
6, Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—The HERBARIUM may be INSPECTED every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, from 10 to 5, except in August and September, by Mr. J. DENNES, Secretary, 20, Bedford-street, Strand, August, 1854.

GUY'S, 1854-5.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences on OCTOBER 1.—The Introductory Address will be given by JOHN BILKETT, Esq., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, at 3 o'clock. Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must produce satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay 25s. Dr. W. the first year, 40s. for the second, and for every succeeding year of attendance; or 100s. in one payment entitles a Student to a perpetual ticket. Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents, and Dispensers in the Eye and Ear, are elected according to writ from those Students who have attended a second year. Mr. Crocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give further information required. Guy's Hospital, August 23, 1854.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.—THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on October 3, with an Introductory Address by Dr. BROWNE, at Seven o'clock P.M.

LECTURES.

Medicine—Dr. Burrows.
Surgery—Mr. Lawrence.
Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Skye.
Physiology and Morbid Anatomy—Mr. Paget.
Chemistry—Mr. Stenhouse.
Superintendence of Dissections—Mr. Holden and Mr. Coots.
SUMMER SESSION, 1854, commencing May 1.
Botany—Mr. Rouppell.
Botany—Dr. F. Farrer.
Practical Medicine—Dr. Baly.
Midwifery—Dr. Burrows.
Comparative Anatomy—Mr. McWhinnie.
Practical Chemistry—Mr. Stenhouse.
Natural Philosophy—Dr. Martin.

HOSPITAL PRACTICE.—The Hospital contains 200 beds, and is visited daily by the physicians and surgeons, and Clinical Lectures are delivered weekly, those on the medical cases, by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Skye. The out-patients are attended daily by the assistant-physicians and assistant-surgeons.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—At the end of the Winter Session, Examinations will be held for two Scholarships, of the value of 40s. for a year. The examination of the Classes for Prizes and Certificates of merit will take place at the same time. For further information apply to Mr. Paget, or any of the medical or surgical officers or lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

BOARD OF TRADE.—DEPARTMENT of SCIENCE AND ART.—METROPOLITAN SCHOOL of SCIENCE APPLIED TO MINING AND THE ARTS.

Director—Sir HENRY DE LA BECHE, C.B. F.R.S. During the Session of 1854-5, which will commence on the 1st of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—
1. Chemistry—A. W. Hofmann, Ph.D. F.R.S.
2. Metallurgy—J. Perry, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History—T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy—W. W. Smyth, M.A.
5. Mining—G. A. G. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Applied Mechanics—Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
7. Physics—G. W. Stokes, M.A. F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing given by Mr. Binnis. The Fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the Laboratory) is 20s. for two years, in one payment, or two annual payments of 10s. Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry, the Laboratory of the Department of Science and Art, for the term of three months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory. Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 2s. 6d., and each, as well as the effectual Abolition of Slavery. The Fee for a Prospectus and Information apply to TRENNIS BEERS, Registrar, Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION SOCIETY.—The aim of this Society is the Exploration of CENTRAL AFRICA by means of a Native African Agency, with a view to the Franchisement of the mysterious, and to the European almost inaccessible portion of the world; the furtherance of legitimate Commerce, and the promotion of Geographical and other Science, as well as the effectual Abolition of Slavery. Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited, and will be received by the Treasurers, Sir John Dean Park, Bart. 37, Strand, and Messrs. Deacon & Co. Birch-lane; or by the Secretary, 14, Brunswick-square.

By authority of the Council.

H. Grace the Duke of Wellington.....£20.

UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE—COLLEGE OF DIEPPE.—The College of Dieppe, from its organization, occupies a high rank among establishments of a similar class in France. Prospectuses may be had of M. Wedlake & Co., 118, Fenchurch-street, City. The terms are 40l. per annum, without any extras whatever, washing being included. Pupils enter at any part of the year, and are only chargeable from the day of their arrival at the Institution. There are thirty different Professors attached to the College, for French, English, German, Music, Drawing, Mathematics, Literature, Grammar, History, Greek, Latin, Logic, Physics, Chemistry, Architectural and Ornamental Drawing, Geography, Astronomy, Engineering, &c. &c. N.B. The Lady of the Principal is a Protestant. The English Professor, a Protestant also, accompanies the English Pupils to the English Chapel every Sunday.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, Soho-square.—Mrs. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools to her Register of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, ESQ. TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

ST. MARY'S HALL, Nos. 5 & 6, ST. MARY'S ROAD, CANONRUERY.—INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, on the Principles of Queen's College. THE RE-OPENING LECTURE will be delivered THURSDAY, September 14th, at Seven o'clock, by the Rev. J. P. DENHAM, M.A. F.R.S., Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand, Lecturer of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, on the PRACTICAL BENEFITS of the LADIES' COLLEGE SYSTEM of EDUCATION. Copies of the Lecture may be had on the occasion, and at Longman's, Paternoster-row.

SARAH NORTHCROFT, Principal.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, BEDFORD-SQUARE.—The Session 1854-5 will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, the 5th of OCTOBER.

Classes. Professors.
Biblical Literature—Rev. John Baines, A.M. St. John's College, Oxford.
Moral Philosophy—Rev. John James Taylor, A.M., Principal of Manchester New College.
Ancient History—Rev. W. Brownrigg Smith, A.M., St. John's College, Cambridge.
Modern History—J. Langton Sanford, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.
Mathematics—Rev. Henry Hose, A.M., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Natural Philosophy—Vacant.
Physical and Political Geography—Vacant.
Natural History—T. Rymer Jones, Esq., Professor of Comparative Anatomy, King's College, London.
Latin, with English Grammar—Rev. John Baines, A.M.
German Language and Literature—Vacant.
German Language and Literature—Adolph Heilmann, Ph.D., Prof. German in University College, London.
French Language and Literature—M. Adolphe Ragon.
Italian Language and Literature—Signor Ign. Valletta.
Education—J. W. E. Esq.
Vocal Music—Prof. John Hullah, of King's College, London.
Harmony—W. Sterndale Bennett, Esq.
Drawing—F. S. Carr, Esq.
Fine Art—Gottfried Kinkel, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Modern Literature, History of Fine Arts and Civilization, in the University of Bonn.

The Prospectus, containing a List of the Lady-Visitors, Programme of Lectures, Time-table, Directions for a Course of Study, and other particulars, may be had at the College.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, BEDFORD-SQUARE. JUNIOR SCHOOL. The School will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, the 20th SEPTEMBER. The Tuition is carried on by the Governors, Miss WORTH, of Queen's College, and the Assistant Governors, Miss J. MURRAY, of the Ladies' College, and the Professors in the Corresponding Departments in the College.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MRS. DOVER receives into her house, No. 60, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, PUPILS of this College for BOARD and Maternal Superintendence. Terms, 40 Guineas per annum. Reference to the Parents of Pupils.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, Milk-street, Cheap-side. Established by Act of Parliament, and under the Management of the Corporation of London.
Head Master—The Rev. G. F. W. MORTIMER, D.D., of Queen's College, Oxford.

The ensuing TERM (extending to Christmas) will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. The year is divided into three Terms. Fee for each term, 25s. The Course of Instruction includes the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek Languages, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Writing, Book-keeping, Geography, History, Drawing, the Elements of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, and Vocal Music. Besides Eight Free Scholarships on the Foundation, equivalent to 25s. per annum each, and available as Exhibitions to the Universities, there are the following Exhibitions attached to the School:—Four Bursaries, the Salomons, and the Travers Scholarships of 50s. per annum each; the 'Times' Scholarship of 20s. per annum; and the Tegg and the Lambert Jones Scholarships of about 20s. per annum each; and several other valuable Prizes. Persons desirous of obtaining admission for their Sons may procure Prospectuses and Forms of Application for the purpose at the School, between the hours of 10 and 4.

Two of the Masters receive Bursaries.

THOMAS BREWER, Secretary.

THE HEAD MASTER of a well-established Public School, near Town, affording, in every respect, a sound Education for the Sons of the Nobility, has INCREASED HIS NUMBER of BOARDERS. Situation healthy; terms moderate. Address Rev. R. S. T., Clerical Association, 36, Southampton-street, Strand.

PRIVATE TUITION.—A married Clergyman, B.A. of Oxford, Curate of a small village 20 miles north-east of London, who receives into his family TWO PUPILS to prepare for the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and the V.C. CANCY, for a gentlemanly, well-conducted youth. His course of reading embraces all the branches of the present University course—Terms, 150s. per annum—Address, Rev. J. W. Post-office, Brentwood, Essex.

UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE.—A Married Graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, who gained University Honours in Classics and Mathematics, besides a College Scholarship and Exhibition and two Prizes, and who has had much experience in tuition, will be happy to receive into his house ONE or TWO STUDENTS whom his may direct and assist in their studies. His testimonials are of the highest character. Address to K. N., 11, Serle street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

EDUCATION, at the Sea-side, Dover, at a PREPARATORY SCHOOL, for LITTLE BOYS, sons of gentlemen, conducted by Mrs. HAMMOND, assisted by her daughters. References kindly permitted to the Rev. Edward Colridge, Eton College; the Rev. William Oremham, Harrow; the Rev. J. Moultrie, Rugby; and to the clergy and medical men of Dover.—Further particulars may be obtained by applying to Mrs. HAMMOND, Dover.

TWELVE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.—A Graduate, competent to read and to write Twelve European Languages (whereof speaking Three), wishes EMPLOYMENT in some Public Institution or anywhere suitable to his abilities. No objection to give Private or School Lessons gratis, or to accompany, to Dr. A. A. 30, Palmer-street, Holloway-road, Islington.

DR. ALTSCHUL, EXAMINER Royal College of Preceptors, Member of the Philological Society, London, gives LESSONS in the GERMAN, ITALIAN, and FRENCH LANGUAGES and LITERATURE. Pupils have the option of studying TWO Languages in the same Lesson or in alternate Lessons, at their own or at the Doctor's residence, 2, CHANDOS-STREET, CAVENTISH-SQUARE.

CLERICAL, SCHOLASTIC and GOVERN-CESS AGENCY OFFICES (late VALLIS; established 1833), 7, TAVISTOCK-ROW, Covent-garden, London. MAIR & SON provide Incumbents with Curates, and the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools with Tutors, Governesses, and Companions (free of charge); transfer Clerical and Scholastic property, and recommend Schools, &c. Prospectuses, &c. forwarded upon application. Applicants for Clerical and Scholastic Appointments are requested to forward their address.

LANGUAGES.—Hamiltonian System.—"This system is one of the most useful and important discoveries of the age. A pupil can acquire more in five or six weeks to this system than in two years on the old."—Fostermeister, Bremen. Mr. ROSENTHAL, assisted by Native Professors, continues to give LESSONS in the FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, LATIN, and HEBREW. Apply to Mr. Rosenthal, 353, Oxford-street, near the Pantheon.

HOME EDUCATION for BOYS.—A Phys-ic Graduate (Fellow of the London College of Physicians, and a Graduate of Cambridge) residing at the Sea-side, is desirous of meeting with ONE or TWO BOYS, who would share with his own sons, aged twelve and ten years, the advantages of an excellent Resident Tutor. As special attention would be paid to the comfort, health, and physical education of the children placed under his care, this is worthy the notice of the parents of boys whose health may require particular supervision. References, if required, can be given to some of the most eminent Physicians in London. Terms, 100 Guineas per annum—Address M.D., care of Messrs. T. & W. Boone, Bookellers, 30, New Bond-street.

STEAM.—NAVAL GENTLEMEN can be prepared for the Examinations now required from all candidates for Government and the East India Company's Services. Private Instruction also in Chemistry, and Investigative Analysis, &c. conducted by a Graduate of Cambridge, who has given a course of instruction in the above subjects at the Royal Polytechnic and the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth.—Address, by letter, 24, Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital.

RIDING SCHOOL, ONSLOW-TERRACE, Brompton.—Mr. J. MASON instructs in the most approved style of RIDING for the Parade, Road, or Field. Ladies attended by Misses. Sessions every three minutes.—N.B. Gentlemen's hours from 10 to 12 A.M., 2 to 4 P.M., & 6 to 8 P.M. The school is for advanced Pupils there is an open circular ride. Mr. Mason's anxious attention, and the unobtrusive, quiet, and judicious management of his Daughter towards her Lady Pupils, will, we are sure, secure for them the patronage they so highly merit.—Sporting Magazine.

TURKISH and MODERN GREEK.—IN-STRUCTION in these LANGUAGES is offered by a competent scholar.—Address, for particulars, to Dr. K. B., care of Mr. Nutt, Foreign Bookeller, 270, Strand.

THE STATUE FOUNDRY and BRONZE WORKS, Lower Belgrave-place, Piccadilly.—All Works of Art in the various metals executed at the above Foundry.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES NAPIER.—Just published, in BRODER, at the STATION FOUNDRY, Lower Belgrave-place, A BUST of the late SIR CHARLES NAPIER, by G. ADAMS. To be obtained at BRYANT'S, 30, St. James's-street, where a copy may be seen.

DRILLING, GYMNASTICS, CALISTHE-NICS, and FENCING.—Mr. AMMON WINTERBOTTOM, having returned from the United States, has resumed his Instruction in the above Exercises, and his Treatments of LATE-RAL SPINAL CURVATURE, CHEST EXPANDERS made and repaired.—Just published, 'REMARKS on PHYSICAL EDUCATION,' by Mr. W. W., to be had at his residence, 15, Cardington-street, Euston-square.

MAYALL'S PORTRAIT GALLERIES, 224, REGENT-STREET, Corner of Argill-place. DASH, DRY, and STEREOGRAPHIC MINIATURES in the highest style of Art taken daily.

Mr. Mayall has proved his mastery over the art by producing photographic portraits of the full size of life, without the slightest sacrifice of definition, or the smallest approach to distortion;—indeed, the errors and imperfections of former impressions appear to be corrected.—Athenaeum, July 22, 1854. Mr. Mayall's portraits represent the high quality of the daguerotype; they are as superior to the generality of such pictures as a delicate engraving is to a coarse woodcut.—Athenaeum, Nov. 1853. More pleasing and far more accurate than the generality of such pictures.—Times, July 17, 1854.

CONSERVATORIO OF MUSIC IN COLOGNE.
—RHEINISCHES MUSIKSCHULE. Director, F. HILLER.
Complete Musical Education for Artists of both sexes. For 18 years. The next Session begins the 1st of October. Particular information will be given by the Secretary of the Conservatorio, Marcellin Strasse, No. 33, Cologne.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 17 Victoria, cap. 54), to ENCOURAGE LIFE ASSURANCE, and other provident habits among Authors and Artists, to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and prospectively to found a new institution, where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties.

The Council is now ready to enrol Members, and to receive subscriptions in conformity with the rules set forth in the printed exposition, of the objects and constitution of the Guild. Copies of this document (containing the names of the Officers and Council, and of the subscribers; an Abstract of the Act of Incorporation, the proposed By-Laws, and Tables of Premiums for Life Assurance, Deferred Annuities, and the Sickness Fund) may be had, free of charge, at the Chambers of the Guild, No. 10, Lancaster-Strand; or Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; at the Athenæum, and of Mr. George Simms, Bookseller, Manchester; of Messrs. Webb & Hunt, Booksellers, Liverpool; Messrs. Simms & Son, Booksellers, Bath; Messrs. Evans & Arrowsmith, Booksellers, Bristol; Messrs. B. & C. Fowler, Booksellers, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Messrs. Bell, Booksellers, Birmingham; Mr. J. Menzies, Bookseller, Edinburgh; Messrs. Murray & Son, Booksellers, Glasgow; Mr. N. Glashan, Bookseller, Dublin; and also, by post, on receipt, at the Guild Chambers, of a stamped and addressed envelope.

W. HENRY WILLS, Honorary Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.—WILL CLOSE after the 2nd Sept.—THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION, now open daily from Ten A.M., at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre. Admission, 6d.

The following days and hours are appointed for Lectures during the ensuing week:—August 28th, Monday, at 5, Mr. Harry Chester, 'On Mechanics Instructors'; August 29th, Tuesday, at 5, Mr. J. C. Morton, 'On Agricultural Instruction in Parish Schools'; 1st Sept., Saturday, at 5, Mr. W. A. Shields (Fockham Birkbeck School); 'On the Inspector and the School Master'; 3rd, 5th, 6th, Mr. Harry Chester.

(By order) F. LEE NEVE FORSTER, Secretary.
Society's House, Adelphi, August 25th, 1894.

TO STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, and Others.—PARTNERSHIP.—An old-established STATIONERS, NEWS, and BOOKSELLERS, in a central position, at the West-End, is willing to admit a PARTNER to a half share. About £1,000 required. Apply to Mr. PAOK, Valuer to the Trade and Auctioneer, 4, Coleman-street.

TO PRINTERS, PLAIN and FANCY STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, and others.—Mr. PAGE begs to notify that he has SEVERAL VALUABLE CONCERNS FOR SALE in the before-mentioned Trades in Town and Country, from 100 to 8,000, in value. Apply to Mr. PAGE, Stationer and Auctioneer, 10, Abchurch-lane, or Mr. PAGE's Office from 9 till 12, also by appointment till 5, and on Saturdays from 8 till 12.

ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT and the FREE-HOLD FRANCHISE.—THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY, OFFICE, 5, VIOLET-CRUIK, Strand, London. The increased rate of interest on the subscriptions of completed Shares (price 32s. 6d. each, with the fees) is payable half yearly, one month after Lady-day and Michaelmas. Five per cent. interest is also allowed on Subscriptions of a year in advance (price 32s. 6d. per Share, with the fees). Monthly payments on uncompleted Shares, 5s. per month. The first payment of a new member is 12s. 6d., which includes entrance fee, quarter, and race-book. No partnership liability for members. The prompt withdrawal of Shares insured. The taking of allotments on estates is quite optional. Prospective members apply to the Secretary.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNSEIN, Secretary.

The 21st PUBLIC DRAWING will be on THURSDAY, September 7, at 3 o'clock, in Exeter Hall, at the Second Anniversary of the Conservative Land Society. Viscount Keanagh will take the Chair.

CRYSTAL PALACE, GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Palace is opened on Mondays at 9 A.M., and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 10 A.M. On these days charge for admission is 1s. It is opened on Saturdays at noon, on which day the charge for admission is 2s.

Special trains will run from London Bridge to the Crystal Palace Station every week-day as follows:—At 7.10, 8.10, 9.40, 10.10, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40 A.M., and 12.10, 12.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10, 3.40, 4.10, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40 P.M.; returning from the Crystal Palace at 11.30, 11.40 A.M., and 12.30, 12.40, 1.30, 1.40, 2.30, 2.40, 3.30, 4.30, 4.40, 5.30, 6.30, 6.40, 7.30, 7.40, 8.30, 8.40 P.M.; and further additional trains will run whenever the traffic renders it necessary.

The 7.10, 8.10, and 9.10 A.M. down trains, and the 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, and 8.50 P.M. up trains call at New Cross and Forest Hill. The Citizens and Iron Companies' steamboats will run from their several piers to the Crystal Palace Pier at London Bridge at least every 10 minutes during the day; and at 2 o'clock when increased numbers require it, every 5 minutes. Tickets to the Palace, including conveyance by railway, can be obtained at these piers.

The following are the fares to the Crystal Palace and back, including admission to the Palace:—Shilling days, 1st class, 2s. 6d., 2nd class, 2s. 0d., 3rd class, 1s. 6d., ditto 7d. 0d., ditto 6d. 0d., ditto 5d. 0d.

In order to afford every facility to the public, and to prevent any delay at London Bridge, arrangements have been made to issue the above tickets previously at offices in different parts of London. Passengers taking their tickets at these offices will be admitted to the London Station by a separate entrance.

Fares between London Bridge and the Crystal Palace Station, not including admission to the Palace:—Single tickets, 1st class, 1s. 6d., 2nd class, 1s. 0d., 3rd class, 8d. Return tickets, ditto 2s. 6d., ditto 2s. 0d., ditto 1s. 6d.

The last-mentioned tickets may only be obtained at the London Terminus, and at the Company's Offices, 43, Regent-cour, Piccadilly.

Special first-class return tickets from London Bridge to the Crystal Palace Station and back will be issued on the day of holders of Crystal Palace Season Tickets, at a reduced charge of 1s. 6d. each. These tickets can only be issued upon production of a Season Ticket to the Crystal Palace.

Every endeavour will be made to afford at all times a sufficient number of first-class seats; but, in order to obviate disappointment, it is necessary to announce that in cases of a great concourse of persons, no carriage can be guaranteed.

No change can be given either at the London Bridge or at the Crystal Palace Stations; passengers must therefore provide themselves with the necessary silver, children under 12 years of age will be charged only half the above rates.

Season Tickets, including conveyance by Railway, 4s. 4d. each, without conveyance by Railway, 2s. 2d. (the usual discount allowed to families) may be obtained at the London Bridge Terminus. August 1, 1894.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD PROPRIETARY COLLEGE.

Head-Master—The Rev. THOMAS MARKBY, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Classical Master in King's College School.

The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on the 10th of SEPTEMBER. The year is divided into three terms, and the fees for the course of education are as follows:—Proprietors, non-residents, under 16 years of age, 5 guineas per annum; above 16, 10s.; non-proprietors, under 16, 4 guineas; above 16, 10s.

TO PROVINCIAL EDITORS.—A Gentleman professionally connected with London Journalism, is now OPEN TO AN ENGAGEMENT for the supply of a WEEKLY LETTER on the general topics of the day. Address P. P., care of Messrs. W. Riddell & Co., 5, Sherborne-lane, King William-street, London.

£1,000 WANTED, by a Gentleman of high standing, who is entitled to a very large income at the decease of his relative. A post-obit for a considerably increased amount or other security will be given. Apply to Mr. PAGE, Auctioneer, 4, Coleman-street.

TO LITERARY AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.—A large HONEY BOOKCASE, with Glass Front, nearly new, to be disposed of at a low price. Address E. Messrs. Riddell & Co., 5, Sherborne-lane, King William-street, London Bridge.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—EDW. GEO. WOOD, OPTICIAN, &c., late of 123 and 121, Newgate-street, begs to invite attention to his New Establishment, No. 117, CHICHESTER, London.

Photographic Camera, and Apparatus and Chemicals; Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Telescopes, and Race Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, and Hydrometers. All kinds of Photographic Papers, negatives, and other photographic Papers and Solutions prepared according to any given formula.

TELESCOPE BY DOLLOND.—A First-rate ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE by DOLLOND, 34 feet; clear aperture of object-glass, 2½ inches, brass body, cradled with horizontal and vertical rack, brass stand, and equatorial axis, with two erect, and four inverting eye-pieces, with steady-rod, and Hook's jointed handles, and other improvements. The whole in perfect condition, and in every respect as good as new. To be seen at E. G. WOOD'S, Optical, Mathematical, and Photographic Instrument Manufactory, 117, Chichester, London.

LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD SALTOUN. K.C.B. G.C.H.—PAUL & DOMINIC COLNAGHI & Co., 13 and 14, Pall Mall East, Publishers to Her Majesty, beg to announce that the large edition published by the PORTFOLIO of the late LORD SALTOUN, engraved by Mr. GEORGE ZORN, from the full-length Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Prints, 12s. 1s.; Proofs, 2s. 2s.; Proofs before Letters, 3s. 3s.; Artist's Proofs, 4s. To be had also of Mr. Alex. Hill, 67, Princes-street, Edinburgh; and Messrs. Hay, Union-street, Aberdeen.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSION to the WEST OF ENGLAND.—On THURSDAY, August 31, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8 A.M. for Plymouth, calling at Weston-super-Mare, Bridgewater, Taunton, Tiverton Road, Exeter, Starcross, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, and Kingsbridge; and will return from Plymouth on THURSDAY, September 7, at 6.30 A.M.

FARES THERE AND BACK.

1st Class.	Closed Carriage.
Weston-super-Mare or Bridgewater	2/6 .. 12s.
Taunton or Tiverton Road	2/6 .. 12s.
Exeter	2/6 .. 12s.
Starcross, Dawlish, or Teignmouth	2/6 .. 12s.
Torquay or Totnes	2/6 .. 12s.
Plymouth or Kingsbridge	2/6 .. 12s.

Children under twelve years of age, half-price.

The Excursion Tickets are not transferable, and are only available for the Excursion Train, and not for the previous station, named at 27, King-street, Chichester; 63, Bridge-road, Lambeth; 33, Oxford-street; 260, Strand; and at the Paddington Station. Further particulars will be given in Handbills, which may be had at any of the above places.

WANTED, A FIRST-RATE IMPORTANT LINE ENGRAVING on STEEL, of a Historical or Genre Subject in progress, or finished, but not published. Letters stating name of Artist, and Engraver, size and description of Subject, and price, to be forwarded to Mr. JAMES HODGES, 62, Lloyd-street, Greenhill, Manchester.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—For reasons connected with the Trade, the publication of the next Number of the London Quarterly is POSTPONED to OCTOBER 1st, when it may be obtained with the October Magazine.

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The Byroms were an old-established, substantial, grave, God-fearing family,—a type of the middle class as it existed in the heart of England before commerce and manufactures had developed a quite different phase of society. In the days of Dr. Byrom cotton-spinning was not yet made manifest, and in the very heart of Manchester there were "trim gardens" where "retired leisure" might make itself very comfortable indeed. The Byroms lived in a handsome, solid-looking house, in a street that still retains their name; also, they possessed a country-house a few miles out of town, both of which are still in the possession of a female branch of the family. The Chetham Society, which was founded in Manchester to illustrate the local antiquities of the counties of Lancaster and Chester, naturally enough felt a desire to publish all that could be known of a man who had been so great an ornament to that part of the world. The present representative of the family instituted a search in the two old mansions for any remains in the shape of manuscript journals, note-books, or unpublished poems, that might be lying "unrecked of and in vain." These two old-fashioned residences were built quite regardless of the value of "space for building upon," and are furnished with places of refuge or concealment, such as were studied in more troublesome times, and considered indispensable apparently to all houses of any pretension. Both of the Byrom mansions are furnished with a labyrinth of attics, which, in the lapse of time, have become the receptacles of large chests and boxes, which have never been looked into within the memory of more than one generation of owners. The present representative of the family having a great regard for the memory of her ancestor set to work to see what these boxes contained,—and the result has been to bring to light a multitude of private letters and memoranda of studies and pursuits, all written by Dr. Byrom in every conceivable character, but always in the most beautiful handwriting,—for a wonderful dexterity in calligraphy was one of the accomplishments for which the Doctor was noted,—also a series of private journals, consisting of the

memoranda of what he did day by day, written in the secret characters of his beloved shorthand.

There is an everlasting interest attached to every revelation of a man as he really is; it is an entrance behind the veil of flesh that separates one human being from another, and which renders us dependent for our knowledge of them upon what they choose to reveal, or what we are able to decipher for ourselves from outward indications. The personal disclosures in biographies and diaries may be meagre and trivial, but we go to them with the hope of surprising the mystery of a life, and of learning the secret in which the heart of one man reveals its likeness to our own. The Chetham Society being made aware of the existence of these private journals, proceeded to obtain leave to publish them; and the present proprietress deciphered them, and gave them up for the good of the public,—not without some misgivings lest that same public might not so "gently scan" the record as the personality of his descendant might desire. We feel bound to say that Dr. Byrom proves himself to have been not only an excellent man, but a remarkably prudent man also: there is nothing in the book before us that might not have been disclosed without the slightest inconvenience before men and angels,—and it is so much the less piquant on that account. There is nowhere the little vanities and self-complacencies that abound in dear old Pepys,—or the "late Mr. Pepys," as he is incidentally styled in the present journal;—no records of "being mad with his wife" for the loss of her "new silk mantle," nor of "the poor wretch's jealousy;"—there is no questionable "Mrs. Knip," no flirtations behind the scenes with Nell Gwynnes. Nothing can well be more regular and respectable than the whole course of Dr. Byrom's proceedings, from the first page to the last. When he is absent from his wife he writes to her almost daily, in a style of noble tenderness and respect; and when he is with her he appears to have acted up to all the beautiful things he had professed,—which is a virtue not always found in those who write tender sentiments. Dr. Byrom, as disclosed by his secret journal, would appear to have been a loyal, affectionate, sterling man, endowed with great energy and industry, and very little vanity. The journal is full of trivialities, the minute record of his breakfasts, dinners, and suppers,—where he went, and whom he saw,—and occasionally the heads of the conversation that passed. It presents, however, none the less curious a picture of a mode of life and manners now long since changed and passed away. The incidental mention of people and things then living and going on, that have become matters of history, is extremely interesting,—but very provoking from the short and cursory mode in which they are despatched; and even the dinners and suppers so duly chronicled bear witness to the change that has taken place in the fashion in which people now transact those episodes in their personal economy. The journals are interspersed with letters, some of which are charming. Edward Byrom, the father, seems to have been a man of great rectitude and good sense, though his prejudices on many points are strong. He writes to his son, at college, September 16, 1709:—

"As for your wig, let us know whether you will have it a natural one, or wherein you would have it differ from such as Mr. Banks wears. * * I took it as a piece of extravagancy the giving a guinea for altering the last in London, and no doubt but you were cheated, and worse hair for your own put in. So I say write to us, * * and so you may be sure of your sister's good hair and no cheat. * * I

have not Mr. Locke's book of *Human Understanding*, it is above my capacity; nor was I ever fond of that author, he being (though a very learned man) a Socinian or an atheist, as to which controversy, I desire you not to trouble yourself with it in your younger studies."

John Byrom, writing from college to a friend, asks,—

"Is the *British Apollo* put down? or do you take in the *Tatlers*, which are mightily admired here, or know you the author?"

Dr. Sacheverel and Bishop Hoadley were the great topics of college gossip of that day; but, though Sacheverel is mentioned as "passing by," there is no description given of him. John Byrom saw numbers of people in the course of his life whom we would have been very glad to have had discussed fresh from the mint, as it were;—but he seldom, almost never, does it. In 1711 he took his degree as B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge;—and the innocent complacency with which he announces the fact marks the distance between him and the young men of these days:—

"I would fain have nothing hinder the pleasure I take in thinking how soon I shall change this tattered blue gown for a black one and a lambskin, and have the honourable title of Bachelor of Arts, BACHELOR OF ARTS! John, how great it sounds! the Great Mogul is nothing to it."

He notices incidentally that he has to prepare a thesis to prove that the planets are not inhabited, against an opponent who has chosen to defend Dr. Clarke (his work on 'The Being and Attributes of God') and one Eugenius, who asserts that the planets are inhabited. It is curious enough that Prof. Whewell and Dr. Brewster should have brought the same question under discussion in the present day.

William Law—the nonjuror and Author of the 'Serious Call to the Unconverted'—is noticed as getting into trouble at this time by asking questions which were thought to savour of indiscretion:—

"There is one Law, a M.A. and Fellow of Emmanuel, has this last week been degraded to a Soph, that is, the year below a Bachelor, for a speech that he spoke on a public occasion reflecting, as is reported, on the Government, &c. All I could learn of the matter is of some queries that he asked the lads in the middle of his speech, to such effect as these, viz.:—Whether good and evil be obnoxious to revolution? Whether, when the earth interposes between the sun and the moon, the moon may be said to advocate herself? Whether, when the children of Israel had made the golden calf the object of their worship, they ought to keep to their God *de facto*, or return to their God *de jure*? and such like. He is much blamed by some, and defended by others."

William Law subsequently became Byrom's intimate friend and great hero. He himself was strongly in favour of the Pretender, and complains "that Cambridge is a sad Whiggish place." He had many scruples about taking the Oath of Abjuration. The Protestant succession is the only public topic of any interest in 1714. He writes:—

"I hear Young Hanover is coming over; what is there in it?"

And again:—

"Our Vice-Chancellor has forbid the coffee-houses taking in any other papers but the *Daily Courant*, *Evening Post*, *Gazette*, and *Votes*, so that our written letters, *Postboy*, *Flying Post*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, &c. are all banished, and we must have news without politics."

After leaving college, Byrom went to Montpellier to study medicine; but, owing to the troubled state of politics, he was obliged to go with as many precautions as if he had been a political offender making his escape, rather than a well-disposed steady young man going to study for a profession. "There is no going to Calais without a pass; but to Ostend, I am

told, one may; but then, the passage thither is uncertain." In Montpellier he stayed more than twelve months, and took his degree as M.D. In 1720 he married his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Byrom, whose father, although not absolutely averse to the match, was not liberal in the means he afforded the young couple to begin housekeeping,—and Dr. Byrom turned his attention to the possibility of teaching his shorthand, which henceforth figures in his letters and journals as the one great object of interest in his life.

With that view he went up to London in July, 1723, to find pupils and to obtain subscribers, for introducing a new method of shorthand; and it was during his stay in London that he commenced the shorthand journal which forms the bulk of this volume of the 'Remains.' With regard to this journal, trivial as the details certainly are, one thing especially strikes us:—there is not a single witty nor even acute remark from one end of it to the other, so far as it has gone; and yet Dr. Byrom, from the testimony of his contemporaries, has come down to us with the reputation of having been a brilliant companion in society:—that he was eminently genial there is abundant evidence in his letters and his journal. His *jeu-d'esprit* had great success, and were inquired after and handed about with eagerness; yet the recorded conversations are of the baldest and driest description. None of the good things that were spoken are even mentioned, although the good things that were eaten are never omitted, as, for instance,—one taken at random:—

"Sunday, Whitsunday (May 16th): Mr. Leicester called me up at nine; I followed him to Wilson's, milk porridge 3d.; I stayed at home all day, turned the Beau's Head into my verses, at the end transcribed what I had done, about twelve stanzas; called on Mr. Leicester about five, he dressed, walked in Gray's Inn walks; called on Mr. John Clarke, Mr. Lucas overtook us, and we all went to Meyer's; he told me they had read my verses there about Figg [a prize-fighter of that day], Mr. Roberts had read them well, the only thing that was said was that 'fluted' came in for rhyme; we went home with Mr. C., though Mr. Leicester proposed going to a tavern; we had a bottle of white and a bottle of red, some cold fowl and ham, to supper, we stayed till past twelve. I repeated my verses about the Beau to them, which they liked, and Mr. Clarke took a copy of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini, and the old one of St. George and the Dragon, would have had a copy of the Beau, but I excused myself for that."

—Again:—

"Met Dr. Bentley in the street, went with him to Essex House; stayed with him two hours, talking about the University, criticism, *semper honoratum* (*Homœrum*), *nitedula*, &c. We drank a pint of wine."

No part of the journal is written in any higher tone. From which we may conclude that no man is witty for his own amusement; nor indulges in fine writing to express his own feelings in a genuine private journal not intended for inspection. Another thing which this brief and business-like diary suggests, is the great change that has since come over the face of all society. The American War was not then thought of; the French Revolution was hidden under the magnificent ceremonies and the polished surface of the courtly amenities of the old *régime*, which as yet presented no symptom of breaking up;—kings, and cardinals, and nobles were still devoutly believed to be of diviner clay, and made of more importance than their order is ever likely to be again; and all the business of State was in their hands. Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had not yet written—Voltaire indeed had not come to his name, he was only the "*petit Arouet*" just come

out of the Bastille, where he had been sent for a lampoon, and known only as the son of the Intendant of the Duke de St. Simon—who speaks of him contemptuously enough, as a young man who had frequently been sent to him from his father on business.—(See his *Memoirs*). As a general rule, freethinkers and doubters were still in so small a minority as to be conveniently put into a corner and overlooked by the orthodox majority. There is a casual mention made of "going to the club, where we fell a-talking about morality by the fireside until Mr. Hawksbee and Hoadley came in; then Mr. Graham desired us privately to let that discourse alone."

This journal, too, opens a curious picture of tavern life: it cannot be called dissipated, for they all seem to have been sedate, sensible men; but the set lived amongst themselves, sleeping at their lodgings, meeting each other, and going about to different places, always dining and supping half a dozen in company, and discussing shorthand, proverbs, and innocent questions of virtue and morality over solid suppers which make one marvel at their digestion. No social question of any depth or urgency is ever started;—no politics, not a trace of the problems that are distracting society in these days, and there is a total absence of all *female* society. Sometimes there is a casual notice of going to a man's country house and seeing his wife "who staid not long with us." They were not "fast men" at all; but more like great good boys, who hated to be left by themselves. Byrom wrote nearly every day to his wife letters full of the most affectionate aspirations to be with her. Byrom's zeal for his system of shorthand did not bring him many scholars; several of the nobility became his pupils, but they were very irregular, and were generally either in bed or out of town at the time they had appointed to take their lessons, and he notes in his journal that "Lords require a deal of waiting upon." Here and there are incidental notices of passing events, which have become almost historical. "Walker said that Pope would get 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* by his translation of 'Homer's Odyssey.' There are several notices of going to hear Henley—"Orator Henley." On one occasion the Doctor took notes of his sermon, which disturbed the orator much, and he sent to request him to desist. The Doctor refused to comply; and poor orator Henley had nothing for it but to begin reading as fast as possible, fairly distancing the Doctor. Here is a glimpse of a notorious man.—

"Yesterday Mr. Ward, of Hackney, stood in the pillory, a prodigious mob, but he was guarded by a great number of hired constables, &c.; I was going by towards Mr. Whitworth's as he was coming from his station, he took into the first tavern he could."

—This was John Ward, of Hackney, M.P., who being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, Feb. 1727. Pope alludes to him—

As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Dr. Byrom went to the Old Bailey to hear the trial of Jonathan Wild, and on the 24th of May 1725 he notes in his journal:—

"Jo. Clowes called on me about eleven to go see Jonathan Wild, who went by to be hanged to-day; I stood at Abingdon's coffee-house door. Jonathan sat in the cart between two others, in a nightgown and periwig, but no hat on, a book in his hand, and he cried much, and the mob hooted him as he passed along."

In a letter to his wife Byrom further says:—
"He [Wild] took opium to poison himself last night, as they say, but it did not quite take effect; he was very loath to be hanged when it came to't; the mob pelted him at the very gallows."

There is a curious letter from Tom Bentley,

describing his journey to Paris,—it took two days to go from London to Calais.—

"On Sunday I left Calais in a post-chaise. I found that way very expensive, but one has ample amends for the expense by the pleasure and ease and swiftness of it. Post horses I can't bear, and to live in a coach seven days and great part of seven nights, a coach that scarce ever trots, is a most melancholy thing: whereas in the chaise I was not above forty hours actually travelling, all the way from Calais to Paris."

With regard to the face of the country, he says:—

"For near 200 miles everything looks poor and forlorn; scarce a good house to be seen or a clean person all the way. Every soul that has either wit or money seems to me to be at Paris."

—This was in 1725. With regard to money transactions, the following is curious enough:—

"Tell Vaillant that the banker made me come to him three times before I got the money, and (you won't believe it, nor he, but 'tis true,) he made me take it all in rascally French farthings, sous and liards, so that I was forced to hire a porter to carry three bags of brass that made him sweat, and all this only seventy p*ie* English."

There is a curious notice of Major Oneby, who killed Mr. Gower immediately after a tavern brawl. The following letter was addressed to him after his execution had been ordered.—

"Honoured Sir,—This is to inform you that I follow the business of an Undertaker in Drury Lane, where I have lived many years, and am well known to several of your friends. As you are to die on Monday, and have not, as I suppose, spoke to anybody else about your funeral, if your Honour shall think fit to give me orders, I will perform it as cheap and in as decent a manner as any man alive. Your Honour's humble servant always to command, G. H."

The Major, however, was not hanged, he committed suicide in prison.

Dr. Byrom was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 1725; there are many notices of meetings of the Royal Society, "Sir Isaac Newton President," or Sir Hans Sloane, but there is a provoking absence of any sort of description or delineation of either things or people. Discussions about the value of inoculation in small-pox are frequent. "Dr. Desagulier showed his engine for extracting foul air out of mines;"—but no details are ever given of what passed. At intervals Dr. Byrom retired to Manchester, and to his old quarters at Trinity College, Cambridge; but the chief part of his time was spent in London, perfecting his beloved system of shorthand, living a social life with his club, and his reputation as a poet and a man of letters increasing. It would be difficult to find a much happier man than Dr. Byrom. Misanthropy had not then received poetical development. In one place he says:—

"I thought I would put down every day some thought or other; what occurred to me this day was, that it was the best thing one could do to be always cheerful, and not to lose any happiness which might result from an easy, cheerful temper, but to have a good heart at all times."

This reminds us of Hoyle's rule for whist, "to remember all the cards that are out and to pick up all the tricks."

The following concerns the famous debate between Sir R. Walpole and Mr. Pulteney, on the state of the National Debt, in March, 1728.—

"I was at the House of Commons t'other day, and wrote shorthand from Sir R. Walpole and other famous speakers, for which I was told I had like to have been taken into custody; but I came away free."

Mr. Parkinson, the editor of this volume, has fulfilled his task well; the notes convey all necessary information as to the individuals mentioned in the text; they are not of persons

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generally known to fame,—but interesting to all whom it may concern. We shall be glad to see the continuation of the journal and letters.

Sandwich Island Notes. By a Häolé. Low & Co.

As old voyager once declared that, after rambling over Honolulu in the light of the moon, he never thought that luminary appeared beautiful anywhere else. Whether this was an extravagance or not, it is certain no traveller ever visits the Pacific islands without being inspired with somewhat similar delight. Their pure, transparent atmosphere, the flowing outlines of their surface, the mountains that seem crowned with crystal towers, the fresh and brilliant vegetation, the cascades leaping from marvellous heights, the rose and geranium thickets, the sweet wildness of the scenery, and the perpetual fragrance of the air, never fail to excite in the mind of a stranger, whether he be military or naval, commercial or scientific, emotions of pleasure, which give a glow to his pictures. Even the vast Archipelago of Asia, superb as it is, does not surpass the lovely group which supplies fruit, water and recreation to the crews of hundreds of ships that pass every year, in their course over one of the widest oceans on the globe. Such a situation, so advantageous to trade, has long attracted to the Sandwich Islands the attention of every maritime people, and, in the present instance, the Häolé—which, being interpreted, means a foreigner—concludes without doubt that America must speedily appropriate them to herself. He urges a variety of reasons in favour of this theory, but employs an abundance of hard names against all who doubt it, so that we prefer to glean from his miscellaneous 'Notes,' rather than discuss opinions with a gentleman who tells us that England in her policy has been as 'hellish' as Russia.

The first inquiry made by the Häolé, in the coral-built capital of Honolulu, was for the palace of His Majesty Kamehameha, "third of the name." That potentate, a "copper-coloured king," who is represented by a dozen consuls and agents in different parts of the world, lives in an edifice thatched with straw. Two sentinels in watch-boxes announce that he is a military "power," and a portrait of his premier in the audience-chamber reminds us that he is the monarch of a Constitutional State. He has a parliament; he delivers a speech; he informs his faithful Commons that he continues to receive assurances, &c.; advises certain reforms; and, two years ago, uttered some most cogent remarks on the subject of precautions against cholera. "All places that have neglected such precautions," said his Sandwich Majesty, "have suffered for their supineness."

The King has *leées* and *soirées*, to which the foreign ministers, the State functionaries, naval officers and merchants are invited. The most interesting objects on these occasions, besides himself and his consort, are the war-cloak and the war-spear. The spear is ten feet long,—heavy, sharp, and stained with blood. The cloak has a history attached to it.—

"Before this cloak came into possession of Kamehameha I., its fabrication had been going on through the reign of eight preceding monarchs. Its length is four feet, and it has a spread of eleven and a half feet at the bottom. Its ground-work is a coarse netting, and to this the delicate feathers are attached with a skill and grace worthy of the most civilized art. The feathers forming the border are reverted; the whole presenting a bright yellow colour, resembling a mantle of gold. The birds from which these splendid feathers were taken had but two feathers of the kind, and they were located one under each wing. It is a very rare species (*Meliphreptes Pacifica*), peculiar only to the higher regions of Hawaii, and is caught with great care and much toil. Five of these

feathers were valued at one dollar and a half. It is computed that at least a million of dollars have been expended on the manufacture of this gorgeous fabric. The garment itself would be a fitting portion of the regalia of any European monarch. Viewing it in the scarcity of the article of which it is composed, and the immense amount of time and trouble employed in procuring it, it would be impossible for despotism to fabricate a more magnificent or costly garment for its proudest votaries."

This martial equipment is a relic of the old times, when the King led his warriors to battle.

The lordly savages of the Pacific, who once immolated human victims in their rude and monstrous temples, would be startled could they now return to see, amid their palms and basalt rocks, and near the ruins of their horrid altars, the College at New Fountain.—

"It is situated on the plains about two miles east of Honolulu, and at the foot of the highly picturesque valley of Manoa; and its situation is as quiet as though it were a thousand miles from any public town. The institution is of a collegiate character. The youth of both sexes can obtain as good an education there as in any similar institution in the world. Attached to the academy is a library containing hundreds of volumes of excellent reading matter; a noble cabinet of mineralogy, conchology, &c., and a very valuable collection of Polynesian curiosities. This school is the resort of children of many of the most respectable foreigners scattered over the group. No person can pay it a visit without becoming an enthusiastic advocate of popular education for the young; nor can he leave it without leaving behind a profound esteem for its very gentlemanly and scholarly principal, Mr. Daniel Dole. At an examination that occurred in the early part of 1853, and at which I was present, I could not conceal my astonishment at the efficiency of the pupils. I was not prepared to find so much intellectual progress in a school twenty-three hundred miles west of the North American Continent. In justice to the institution and its guardians, I subjoin a programme of that examination:—Anthon's *Cæsar*; Common School Arithmetic; The Lion's Hunt—translated from the French; Sallust; Greenleaf's Arithmetic; Story of Panthea—from the Greek; Sophocles's Greek Grammar and Reader; Geography; Last Battle of Jugurtha—from Sallust (a splendid effort, by a mere youth); Weld's Latin Grammar; Algebra; The Recluse—an original story; Reading; Natural History; A Voyage along a part of Hawaii; Physiology and History; Nautical and Original Declamation."

Nevertheless, Cæsar and Sallust have not yet entirely changed the aspects of society in these islands. We do not accept the Häolé's picture as entirely accurate, because his statements are inconsistent with each other and with better authorities; but immorality doubtless exists to a scandalous extent, being partly an inheritance and partly an importation. Our traveller met one of a class of men whose bad influence is unquestionable. This forlorn object arrested his eye, as it wandered over a delicious and peaceful scene—of groves and cottages and the sparkling sea.—

"While journeying along the shore I met a singular looking object. His face was bronzed by a tropical sun, his eyes were blood-shot, and a short woollen shirt was his only garment. His haggard face, his matted hair and beard, his rapid steps, almost induced me to believe he had just escaped from a retreat for the insane. He was once a white man; but a four years' intercourse with the most debased and wretched of the natives had turned him into a complete savage. He could hardly read, much less write his own name. The poor wretch was a libel on the enlightened state of Connecticut, for from that part of the United States he originally came. At this, however, I was not surprised. His downcast eyes indicated a sense of shame of his abject condition. His personal mien and appearance established more firmly than ever, in my own mind, the theory that the white man, severed from the civilizing influences of society, is capable of becoming a more debased wretch than the savages or

aborigines among whom he lives. Such a scene is calculated to draw tears from the eyes of angels, and to fill the bosom of any living man with sorrow for the brutal condition of many of his species. I have witnessed many such scenes on the Sandwich Islands; and they are numerous on the islands scattered over the wide Pacific Ocean."

He journeys on, and discerns in the distance a group of women, under a tree. Here is a droll contrast.—

"On coming up with them, I found them surrounding an enormous hog. The day was unusually warm, and the beast lay panting as if he were about to breathe his last. To his welfare this female group bestowed the most assiduous attentions. Their dress was scant; but several of them had evidently taken off their only garments, soaked them in water from their calabashes, and spread them over his swinish majesty for the express purpose of keeping him cool, while a few others were employed in fanning him. The usual method of conveying pigs to market is to tie the four feet together and run a pole through them, each end being supported on the shoulders of two natives, who trot off at no very despicable speed. But this brute would probably have weighed nearly five hundred pounds. The silly affection these women displayed towards their favourite convinced me that they cherished not the least respect for the prohibitory laws of the Jewish Scriptures, much less those of the Koran; and yet they were trying to drive him to market for sale. An old adage tells us that 'a good man is merciful to his beast.' But it may not be argued that mercy to a brute is always indicative of 'goodness.' Such was the construction I placed on this old passage in its application to these women. They were simply taking their pet to market. Already had he been driven several miles. His guardians would have to conduct him over the brow of the fearful *Pali*, and then they would be six miles distant from Honolulu. It would occupy at least thirty-six hours to accomplish this purpose; but it would be achieved; for the Sandwich Islanders—the women especially—have a large share of patience where little exertion is required. They would watch his movements by day, and sleep by his side at night."

Whether corrupting or improving, however, the Häolé is persuaded that this population is passing away. He is, no doubt, correct in believing that large tracts in the Sandwich Islands were once thickly inhabited by tribes that perished long ago. It is known that, within seventy-four years, 325,000 of the islanders have died, leaving no descendants; but it is too bold to prophesy that, shortly, the last of them, "with silvered locks and tottering steps, will be passing over the sunny plains or the romantic valleys," to mourn over the extinction of his race. The Häolé has only one hope:—if America takes possession of the group, a remnant may be preserved.

The change that has been produced in the customs of the islanders has, at all events, improved their humanity. They are no longer the savages they formerly were; but they seem animated by less energy, since they never undertake such works as they must once have accomplished at the bidding of their priests and kings. Their numerical diminution seems to have been accompanied, and indeed is accounted for, by a moral and physical decay, reducing them to lassitude, destroying their spirit, and plunging them into indolence. Scattered over their islands are the remains of ancient buildings, which must have been erected by a vigorous and enthusiastic people. Immense quadrangular spaces are inclosed by walls of heavy limestone; solid altars were reared within them; and around, the traces of towns and cultivation may yet be seen. The legends of the islands, also, are full of allusions to a state of things in which the chiefs and tribes were fortunate and proud; and there are traditions that a terrible flood of the Pacific once swept the richest valley of the group of its villages, inhabitants and plan-

tations, where there is now only a beautiful wilderness of fruit-trees, shrubs and flowers. Some strange influence, of whatever kind, must have passed over the islands. It is pleasant, however, amongst stories of infanticide and unnatural neglect, to find a touch like the following. Emelé was a pilot on one of the lakes.—

"A few months before I met her, her youngest child, Lapouli (day of darkness), lay at the point of death. She was almost frantic with grief. Koloa was five miles distant from her home; but she walked that distance, over a very rugged region of country, to procure medicine for her sick child. On one occasion she reached Koloa at a late hour, and before she could return, a dark night set in upon her. The heavens gathered blackness, and it rained almost a deluge. The family at the Mission Station used every conceivable argument to induce her to stay with them until morning, but all was in vain. The undying fountain of that holy thing—a mother's love, gushed forth in all its strength; and bare-headed and thinly clad, and without any covering for her feet, she went forth into the storm to return to her child. Night after night, for weeks in succession, she watched by the couch of her suffering little one, pillowing its head on her own bosom, giving it cooling drinks, and using every effort to soothe its agonies. The child recovered; but its restoration to health was followed by the prostration of the mother, whose reason was nearly shattered from the effects of long and dreary vigils."

Our Häolé, when he has a good thing to say of a native, takes care to mark it as rare and peculiar. The pretty story which follows is not, therefore, given as an example, but as an exception.—

"A beautiful young Hawaiian girl was attached to a noble and warlike youth. In childhood, and up to manhood, they had played, conversed, and rambled together, until their very souls seemed to form a unity that was inseparable. They were about to consummate their external union, when events called him away to sea. Three long, dreary years crept past, and the young adventurer was looked upon as dead. But his affianced hoped against hope, until news was actually brought that the schooner in which her lover had sailed was lost in one of the distant archipelagoes in the South Pacific. At this fatal moment, hope closed her broad pinions, and the icy hand of despair was laid on the bosom of Liliha, until her very soul sickened, and reason forsook its throne. Morning, and noon, and evening, she wandered the shore he last touched with his feet. The burden of her complaint was, 'Alas for you, my Lunalilo! Where hast thou gone, my soul, my light? Long has been thy journey toward the golden gates of the western wave. Let us die together, Lunalilo! Come back to me, my love, on the golden wing of the morning twilight! I will go to the western wave, and there I will cling to thee, Lunalilo!' For two years Liliha was thus disconsolate. Reason was again restored to its empire, and she was compelled by her friends to marry. The couple lived together until a lovely infant crowned their union. When she could again tread the coconut grove on the sea-shore, with her child in her arms, a schooner hove in sight, and soon dropped its anchor in the bay. With an agony of suspense, she stood there, as if transfixed, watching a small boat that came bounding over the waves. An oarsman, pale with impatience, came up the beach, took one glance, and folded her in his bosom."

—Of course Liliha and Lunalilo were never seen again on that island.

As a companion to this, we have another tale, not quite so poetically told, of a queen of Honolulu who heard that in a neighbouring island reigned a prince of surpassing beauty. She invited him to come into her dominions, and to visit her at the palace. He obeyed, but brought his heir with him, and the royal lady was unable to decide between the beauty of the father and the beauty of the son. Consequently, she married them both! Such incidents, however, belong to the old system of manners; though if the "foreigner" does not exaggerate, romances

very similar in character are still occasionally enacted.

We shall glean two more passages from 'Sandwich Island Notes.' The first is an account of some of the wonderful ruins to which we have referred.—

"The first object I visited after my arrival at Kohala was the celebrated *heiau*, or pagan temple at Puuepa, six miles to the north-west of Iolé. It is the largest temple on the group, and is located within a few yards of the sea-shore. Externally, its length is three hundred and fifty feet, its width one hundred and fifty feet. The walls are nearly thirty feet thick at the surface of the earth; their thickness at the top, eight; their average height, fourteen. I found the north-east wall in the best state of preservation. Tradition says that, at the time of its erection, all the inhabitants of the island were convened for the purpose, and that the stones of which it is composed were conveyed from the Valley of Polulu, a distance of twelve miles, by being passed from hand to hand in single file by the workmen. Whether tradition be true or not, it is certain that these stupendous works were reared when kings had absolute command over the lives and labours of their subjects, and when population was immensely numerous. The character of the stones forming these huge walls is volcanic. The solid materials of this *heiau*, including the altars, and allowing for their nature, would weigh nearly 2,000,000 tons. Of the date of its erection there is no knowledge. Without doubt, however, it has stood for ages; for the walls are nearly covered with a thick, coarse, and stunted moss—a species indicative of age on the Hawaiian group. The inhabitants of the neighbouring village have traditions of many of the scenes which have been enacted in this temple during the reign of some of their ancient kings, but the date of its origin is buried in oblivion. A few niches, once occupied by roughly-hewn idols, were still visible in the sides of the walls. In the north-east corner of the interior was a niche more perfectly formed than any of the others: it is said to have been the place occupied by the guardian deity of the temple. Portions of the walls were in a state of ruin, and so were the three rugged altars."

And, lastly, we have a sketch of natural scenery—a near glimpse of the forests—and a panoramic picture beyond.—

"The early part of the ascent lay through dense forests of gigantic *koa* (*Acacia falcata*), covered with delicate creepers and species of *Tillandsia*. There were also some noble specimens of the tree-fern (*Cibotium chamissois*), whose feathery branches were swayed by the morning breeze, bearing on its wings the melody of birds. Just above the beginning of the zone of forest, the banana ceases to flourish, but a beautiful species of the *Rubus* may be found among the crevices of the rocks. * * In the highest limit of the soil, I noticed a very fine *Ranunculus*, and far above every other vestige of vegetation, there were hundreds of the beautiful silver sword (*Ensis argentea*). * * These forests also abound with immense beds of strawberries. I could have picked bushels in a short time, ripe, beautiful, and blooming. On this fruit thousands of birds, ducks, and wild geese sustain life, and it renders their flesh a delicacy which cannot be surpassed. Whole groves of immensely tall raspberry-bushes were loaded with fruit of an incredible size. They are invaluable to quench thirst; but after eating a few, their flavour seems to become bitter and disagreeable. In the lower regions of the woodlands the traveller crushes some delicate tropical flower at nearly every step. These gems of innocence and beauty interperse the grass until it begins to diminish. * *

The Valley of Wai-pio may justly be termed the Eden of the Hawaiian Islands. Long before I saw it, I had heard it frequently spoken of in terms of the warmest admiration, and had prepared my mind for something beyond the usual character of the scenery so profusely scattered over the group. On reaching the brink of the tremendous bank by which its southern limit was bounded, the scene was truly magnificent. The bed of the valley reposed at a depth of two thousand feet below. The dwellings of the natives dwindled away nearly to the size of ant-hills. The numerous herds of cattle which were quietly grazing in the everlasting pastures were

hardly discernible. On the opposite bank—much higher than the one on which I stood—glittering cascades, broken in thirty abrupt falls, were tumbling from rock to rock, half sportively, half angrily. The centre of the valley was enlivened with two crystal rivers, winding their tortuous path to meet the foaming surge that broke on the fair sand-beach at its mouth. There was something about that valley so lovely and undisturbed, that it pictured to the imagination the paradise in which the first man wandered with the first woman. It seemed to belong to another world, or to be a portion of this into which sorrow and death had never entered."

It will be inferred from these quotations that the "Häolé" is a pleasant traveller, who has, in order to enforce peculiar views, spoilt his book. He narrates cheerfully and gracefully; but, when he speculates on the politics of the world, his paragraphs are made up of anger and abuse.

Fashion and Famine; or, Contrasts in Society.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Bentley.

The Same. Routledge & Co.

THIS is an American story, but is not now printed for the first time in this country. Two years ago it was published piecemeal, under the author's initials, in one of our cheap periodicals, with the title of 'Julia Warren.' We regret to see it reprinted in a cheap form, and thus invested with facilities for circulating amongst the young and the half-educated, who are the chief readers of romantic and highly-seasoned fiction. It is a book such as no father would knowingly allow his daughter to read,—a bad book of a bad class, of which Eugène Sue is the founder. Indeed, there is not an incident or a character that may not be traced to one or other of his earlier works. We do not deny to 'Fashion and Famine' the merit that may arise from the excitement of a highly improbable story, where incident is piled on incident, and the reader is led on with an idle and vagrant curiosity to see where it will all end; this merit the book certainly possesses. But as a work of fiction, it is tawdry and meretricious: the sensual materialism that oozes out in every page is something wonderful, and indicates, not so much any specific immorality as a state of general moral decomposition. A sickly, prurient sentimentality, with a hazy film of diseased virtue thrown over it, pervades the narrative, and reveals how completely French novels have been absorbed into the literary taste of America.

Mr. William Leicester, the hero, is a Don Juan of the Eugène Sue school,—with an odour of Yankee blackguardism and vulgarity about him "which all the perfumes of Arabia" cannot stifle or disguise. He is introduced to the reader seated, after his supper, in one of the most sumptuous chambers of the Astor House,—leaning back in his chair, and "gazing upon a small picture-frame carved to a perfect network, and apparently of pure gold, circling the miniature of a female, so exquisitely painted and so beautiful, that," &c. Almost every change of the moon, we are told, "saw some new head encircled by that glittering network." Of course, he is very handsome and elegant, and, "though his lips were somewhat heavy, the smile that at rare intervals stole over them was full of wily fascination, wicked, but indescribably alluring!" "That smile had won many a new face to the little frame." It is curious to see the ideal that this authoress paints of a man whom no woman is able to resist. It gives one a notion that female virtue is not so effectual as it should be. This man's whole stock in trade consists of his vices and a certain mesmeric sensuality, which a woman's virtue is especially expected to neutralize, or it is of no use.—Here

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is a description of him as he sits gazing up at the picture :—

"The change of position loosened the heavy cord of silk with which a dressing gown, lined with crimson velvet, of a rich cashmere pattern, had been girded to his waist, thus exposing the majestic proportions of a person, strong, sinewy and full of flexible grace. His vest was off, and the play of his heart might have been counted through the fine and plaited linen that covered his bosom!!!"

—Also "the inlaid butt of a revolver pistol" might be discerned "in an inner pocket." The authoress revels in descriptions of fine clothes and fine furniture;—she decorates all her houses and people in the most costly style, "regardless of expense;"—whenever she wishes to produce an impression, she heaps up a quantity of fine colours and very fine things together, and certainly succeeds in producing a ready sense of luxury and upholstery.

Mr. Leicester has a wife, "somewhat above the common size, and of superb proportions;" she had eloped from him, ten years ago, with an English nobleman; but, in reality, he sold her for a gambling debt. This nobleman, on his deathbed, bequeathed her all his fortune, amounting, as the author carelessly says, "to some millions." In spite of all that has come and gone, she remains dreadfully in love with her husband, not evinced by any noble wife-like devotedness or heroism of any sort; but, by a total want of all self-respect or self-control,—a mere abject sensual enthrallment to the tones of his voice, and that "smile" so fatal to the fair sultanas of the golden frame. Her love is represented as depending entirely upon the materialism of his personal attractions, which are dwelt upon with a more than Oriental vividness. In spite of her lapses from virtue, she is represented as a fallen angel, and all the more charming for being fallen. She makes one melo-dramatic attempt to kidnap her husband, and bring him back to a sense of conjugality, which he declines. In the hope of awakening his sensibility, she has received him amidst some old household relics of their early married life, consisting chiefly of a four-post bed and a threadbare carpet, which she has carried with her round the world in spite of the inconvenience; but she concealed the fact of her enormous wealth—a fatal miscalculation, which she proceeds to rectify in the course of the book. Meanwhile Mr. William Leicester amuses himself with tormenting Florence Craft, the present tenant of the gold frame. She is under the care of his mother, an exemplary old lady, who always dresses in black as an emblem of her grief at her son's evil ways. She lives in a beautiful cottage *orné*, furnished in white enamel and alabaster, and situated in the midst of a perfect garden of Eden. She devotes her life to consoling his victims and repairing the ruin he has brought upon them, on the principle of the Irishman who declared, "that there was nothing done that could not be undone." Besides seducing young women, Leicester, who is not rich, adopts as his *protégé* a young boy, whom he brings up, and loads with favours, for fifteen years, instructing him chiefly in the art of *imitating handwritings*, with a view to forgery at some future time;—and when it comes to the point, all this elaborate charity is for a paltry bill of 10,000 dollars. Whilst all this is going on, Ada talks sentiment about her father and mother and lost child, and makes a feeble effort to find them, which, of course, does not succeed; and then she blazes out on the world in another name, as the Queen of Fashion, intending to subdue her husband through his avarice.

Whilst Ada is doing the "Fashion," her father and mother and child are doing the "Famine" in

the same city—New York. Her daughter goes about selling flowers, and thereby come into adventures; for Mr. William Leicester makes up his mind to marry Florence, though he knows that his wife is alive; and seeing Julia in the street with flowers, he drags her into his mother's cottage to attire his bride and be a witness to his marriage. Although Florence is to be married in silence and secrecy, and without his mother's consent, yet she is in all the splendour of Brussels lace,—and Julia makes an *impromptu* wreath for her hair and loops up her dress with orange-flowers, and she is married; and her husband goes away immediately after the ceremony to attend a magnificent fancy ball, which Ada is giving, and to which she has invited him under her assumed name, in the hope of dazzling him with her magnificence. As soon as he has departed, Florence is informed of everything, which she will not believe without further proof, so she loops up her veil with a diamond crescent and goes after him to the fancy ball. There the *dénouement* takes place. Florence goes mad directly; and Leicester is apprised, that the police are on his track on account of the forged cheque. He kills himself in a hurried manner; and the old man, Ada's father, is taken up and tried for his murder; and his own daughter's evidence condemns him, for which she never expresses the least remorse. How they come to recognize each other is not stated; but she visits him in prison, dressed in the first style of fashion, which scandalizes him. He begs her to show repentance by stripping off her jewels; so, the next time, she goes plainly dressed, whereupon he gives her his blessing, restores her child and declares himself repaid for all his sorrows. This is literally all the sign of amendment she ever gives. Her father dies, of old age and agitation, before the day of execution. Ada Leicester re-appears in society; but, whilst she retained "everything essential to comfort," she eschewed "her former profuse luxuriousness." Plain carriages and less spirited horses took the place of her superb equipages! This is the most exquisite piece of remorse we ever met with. She also works what somebody calls "that inexhaustible mine of bliss—the poor!" and, apparently, gets great comfort out of it. Her daughter marries the young man so nearly ruined by Leicester; and, on the day of that marriage, poor Florence, who has come back to her senses, "placed a folded paper in the lap of the bride, conveying two-thirds of her fine property to the daughter of William Leicester, the man who had swept every blossom from the pathway of her own life."

Have our strictures on this novel been harsher than it deserves?—we think not.

Memoirs of Marshal-General Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.—[*Mémoires du Maréchal-Général Soult*, &c.]. Published by his Son. Part I. 3 vols. *History of the Wars of the Revolution*. Paris, Amyot.

THE memoirs of a man who played one of the most distinguished subordinate parts in the history of his country for so long a period as did Marshal Soult will naturally be looked into with interest. A few years ago they would have been preluded by a flourish of trumpets, and the public would have expected marvellous revelations. The most distinguished people of the Empire and the succeeding régimes have one by one dropped off, with great previous talk of the explosive nature of the papers left behind them in their desks; but memoir after memoir has been published, and, as it was natural to expect, though in many cases addi-

tional materials for colouring were furnished, and some important facts were set in their proper light,—though the general result of successive publications was perhaps to alter the world's impressions of certain characters and periods,—yet, in nearly every particular instance in which expectation was excited of wonderful disclosures, it was disappointed. The 'Memoirs' of Marshal Soult, so far as they at present go, will completely disappoint the lovers of scandal and the believers in mysterious history. With the exception of some few military circles, whose favourite heroes may be a little depreciated, most persons will find their previous views rather supported than modified by these volumes.

They are, strictly speaking, military memoirs. The writer looks at life completely from a military point of view. He affects, indeed, to compose solely for the use of military men. It was natural to expect that he should adopt this tone, in spite of the political colour of the latter portion of his career. No more skilful way could have been adopted of answering by implication the various attacks that have been directed against him. Few public men have been criticized more severely than the Marshal for acts performed beyond the limits of their profession. He is anxious, therefore, to represent himself from the outset, until the time when he became the pillar of a monarchy, as a mere soldier, "always a stranger to faction and the intrigues of parties,"—so that the reader may be prepared to find him serving, with apparently the same zeal, causes the most opposed. The abruptness with which he begins his narrative is characteristic. At the tenth line he is sixteen years of age, and has entered the regiment of Royal infantry; and in a couple of pages we find him a sub-lieutenant in the Alsatian battalion of National Guards.

From this time forward the Marshal is most sparing of personal details,—describing the operations of the armies to which he was specially attached, and pausing every now and then to give a general view of the progress of the war. We begin to consider that we are reading some dry and rather meagre military annals, when suddenly we are reminded of the writer by such brief episodes as the following. —

My brigade was cantoned on the mountains of Solingen, and I established my general quarters in that little town. I lodged in the house of Madame Berg. She received me with indifference. Three months afterwards, April 26, 1796, she granted me the hand of her daughter, and thus laid the foundation of a happiness which has only increased with years.

This gallant compliment to his wife, who, according to his expression, was granted to him as the command of a regiment might have been, is almost the only expression of sentiment in the whole book. There is an affectation throughout of absolute impartiality, exhibiting itself often in the mention of men without any attempt to estimate their characters. We soon find, however, that the Marshal has formed strong opinions of individuals, which he endeavours to transfer quietly to the minds of his readers. Almost the only persons against whom he speaks out heartily belong to the last century,—as Pichegru and St.-Just. The latter he labels "*infâme*," and "*implacable*,"—telling a few grim anecdotes about him in his character of Commissary that strangely illustrate that extraordinary period. The aversion of the soldier for the civilian who presumes to interfere with his movements is manifest; and although the execution of generals who failed to gain a victory and of officers who did not get a battery thrown up by an appointed time strikes us, as it did Marshal Soult, with horror, we find ample

explanation in his pages of the gloomy suspicions which haunted the minds of those to whose guardianship was committed the safety of the Republic. Many of the generals were corrupt, and the conduct of others, who were incompetent, produced equally deplorable results. It was difficult to discriminate the causes that produced like effects.

This first instalment of the 'Memoirs of Marshal Soult' takes us no further than 1800. Its principal utility will be as a commentary on the wars from 1791 to that period; but the general reader will not find much to interest him. Except in the case of the defence of Genoa by Massena, few events are related with any attempt at the picturesque. Here and there, however, are remarks of great acuteness, which derive an extrinsic value from the circumstances in which we are now placed. The passage of the Danube by the Russians has been talked of as a great feat of war, although it produced no effect on public opinion, which wisely regarded it as a manœuvre comparatively easy of execution. The Marshal's observations are worth reading.

Passages of rivers, especially of such rivers as the Rhine, are very brilliant operations. They are even considered as the most difficult that can be undertaken. Yet they are rarely unsuccessful. Many circumstances favour them: the care taken in the preparations, the diversions made, the concealment of the time chosen for their execution, the talent displayed in bringing forces to bear on a fixed point whilst masking their movements. On the other hand the enemy, who remains on the defensive, tries to protect himself everywhere and is strong nowhere, because he scatters his forces, or if he keeps them concentrated he runs the risk of finding all his calculations overthrown, and is led into false steps by many circumstances:—a concealed march, the surprise of a post considered to be impregnable and for that very reason neglected, uncertainty as to the projects of the adversary, an exaggerated estimate of his means, the astonishment caused by an unexpected attempt, the very boldness of that attempt. In this case, alarm increases in proportion to the difficulties that have been surmounted; and it is never greater than when a body of troops finds itself deprived of a support on which it counted. This danger can only be avoided by relying solely on one's own courage to defend the line wished to be protected, and by foresight. If the bank of a river cannot be kept, a prudent general will content himself with having it watched; and at some distance in the rear will take up a central position, where, uniting the chief part of his forces, he may command a great extent of country, and be always ready to attack the enemy, who may have passed by strength or stratagem, before he has time to be joined by all his troops and to establish himself. The assailant, if he carry on the war methodically, must take care to entrench himself on the bank which he has crossed, to have a point of security whilst he is making preparations to march against the enemy.

These wise maxims seem to have been already acted upon by Omar Pasha, both in his operations at Kalafat, and in the manner in which he has defended the lower course of the Danube from Shumla. Another passage is also susceptible of application at the present moment:—

If it be true that in war the enterprises which seem least to promise success nearly always succeed, we may well be surprised that the leaders of armies who ought to have anticipated such enterprises made no corresponding preparations. To say that they were ignorant of the numerous examples which history records, would suppose in them an improbable want of instruction; and to consider them as having been wanting in talent, would also be inexact, for they were not likely to have reached the chief command without having performed great and honourable services. I grant then that they possessed knowledge of history, instruction, talent, and in general whatever can be acquired; but they lacked that gift of Nature which produces invention. Accustomed by routine to practise the mechanism of their art,

such generals apply themselves thereto with method, pay attention to details, perform common actions very well, exhibit, if you will, real merit; but they can do no more; they cannot escape from the circumscribed circle of their ideas; they see nothing beyond, in the region where the man of genius discovers the germ of his creations—unhoped-for resources and new combinations. Under his hand everything becomes greater, changes its form, action and use; difficulties disappear; he conceives at the same time the arrangement of a plan, the execution of which will astonish, the resistance which he will encounter, the obstacles to be overcome, what he must do to meet them, and the results he will obtain. He is in motion whilst yet his adversary slumbers: by the extraordinary nature of his enterprise may be calculated the greatness of the effort and the wonder it will create. Hence, sudden appearances, surprises, the overthrow of projects, change of positions and combinations, and all the necessary consequences.

It is quite certain that at the commencement of all wars, whatever be the amount of material strength displayed on either side, operations must be slow and to a certain extent unfruitful in results, because, as a matter of course, the conduct of affairs must be intrusted to generals of routine. By degrees they warm in their work, and sparks of genius fly out; or they are superseded by new men, who have an opportunity of revealing themselves. We may rest assured that there can be no protracted struggle which will not call forth both in the army and in the navy of England the desirable qualities wherever they are wanted.

The French soldier, as described incidentally by Marshal Soult,—who sometimes devotes a note to the pieces he was accustomed to move in the game of war,—is an old acquaintance. Desperate in attack, but somewhat easily discouraged, he is at once abstemious and delicate in matters of food. Bread to him is an indispensable article. The Marshal regrets that he is not trained to feed two days out of the week upon flour. As it is, so long as he gets his loaf all is right; but when deprived of that he becomes "restive to discipline, plunders, and forgets all his duties." In some of the Italian wars the French army was reduced to great straits; and on one occasion they were seen cutting up and roasting the dead bodies of Hungarian hussars, whom they had slain on the field of battle! It is well known, however, that our neighbours when out on a campaign are usually inimitable foragers. They find sustenance when others would probably starve; and it is not unlikely that fighting and marching side by side with them our own soldiers may get a hint or two which they may turn to profit.

Reminiscences of the University, Town, and County of Cambridge, from the Year 1780.

By the late Henry Gunning, M.A. 2 vols. Bell.

THE author of these volumes, so generally known in Cambridge and its vicinity during nearly three-fourths of a century, died before they were entirely completed for the press. He began them extremely late in life, when more than eighty years old, but they betray few marks of senility. He dictated to a female amanuensis, but left his papers unarranged; and in a diffident Postscript to Mr. Gunning's Preface, the Editor apologizes for the imperfect manner in which she has executed her part of the task. It seems to us that she could not have done it better; and as Mr. Gunning appears to have separately recorded events, accompanied by remarks and anecdotes of persons, as they occurred to his mind, it could not be easy, after that mind was withdrawn, to have placed the memoranda in due order. Every chapter is headed with its proper date, from 1780 down

to 1820 (for although the author survived until 1852, his "reminiscences" descend no nearer to our own time), and very frequently even the days of the month are supplied, together with the particular dates of all incidents relating to the different colleges, derived from the books of the Registrar. As Mr. Gunning filled the office of Esquire Bedell for about sixty years anterior to his death in 1852, and constantly resided in or near Cambridge, we may feel great confidence in the general contents of his narrative. On a few points he may be, and may be shown to be, mistaken, yet, as far as we can be aware, he never intentionally misrepresents; and there is a simplicity and an absence of exaggeration in his style, which predispose the reader to believe, independently of any apparent credibility of story.

As an instance of the manner in which Mr. Gunning now and then commits unintentional mistakes, we may quote a small part of what he states regarding the remarkable case of William Frend in 1793, who had written a pamphlet, called 'Peace and Union,' and offended the Tory heads of houses by some of the popular doctrines it contained. The case came before the Vice-Chancellor's Court, and Mr. Gunning writes as follows:—

"The Undergraduates were unanimous in favour of Mr. Frend, and every satirical remark reflecting upon the conduct and motives of his prosecutors was vociferously applauded. At length the Court desired the Proctors to interfere. Mr. Farish, the Senior Proctor, having marked one man who had particularly distinguished himself by applauding, and noted his position in the gallery, selected him as a fit subject for punishment. He went into the gallery, and having previously ascertained the exact situation of the culprit, he touched a person, whom he supposed to be the same, on the shoulder, and asked him his name and college. The person thus addressed assured him that he had been perfectly quiet. Farish replied, 'I have been watching you for a long time, and have seen you repeatedly clapping your hands.'—'I wish this was possible,' said the man, and turning round, exhibited an arm so deformed that his hands could not by any possibility be brought together: this exculpation was received with repeated rounds of applause, which continued for some minutes. The name of the young man was Charnock, and his college Clare Hall; the real culprit was S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, who having observed that the Proctor had noticed him, and was coming into the gallery, turned round to the person who was standing behind him, and made an offer of changing places, which was gladly accepted by the unsuspecting man. Coleridge immediately retreated, and mixing with the crowd, entirely escaped suspicion. This conduct on the part of Coleridge was severely censured by the Undergraduates, as it was quite clear that, to escape punishment himself, he would have subjected an innocent man to rustication or expulsion."

We are sure from the character of the author's mind that he did not mean it so, but the last remark savours of want of charity; and not a few of Coleridge's friends, still living, can bear witness that the disapprobation here expressed is not warranted by the facts of the case. Party feeling ran very high at the moment, and Charnock was one of those who, like Coleridge, felt strongly in favour of the accused: it had been previously agreed that Coleridge should be most violent in opposition to the Vice-Chancellor, and that if his conduct in hissing one side and applauding the other by clapping his hands, excited angry observation, that when the Proctor was sent up he should alip away, and leave Charnock to take his place, and bear the brunt of the affray. This arrangement was probably not known to many at the time, and hence the censure which Mr. Gunning tells us was bestowed upon Coleridge. In after-life the poet not unfrequently

alluded to the transaction, and always maintained that the suggestion proceeded from Charnock himself, upon whom, of course, no punishment could be inflicted, and who sent the zealous Proctor away deceived and disconcerted.

Many, if not most, of the persons mentioned in the volumes before us are dead, for the author survived the majority of his early friends; but with the single exception of Mr. Beverley (whom he and others had good reason to dislike), he speaks forbearingly, if not kindly, of everybody, and seems glad to give them credit for all the good qualities they possessed. Mr. Gunning was a cheerful and, without excess, a convivial man, whose company and anecdotes were always welcome, as long as he had health to enjoy society: he had the reputation of being a good talker and an amusing narrator of incidents within his own knowledge; and although his book (as may be imagined from the period at which, and the circumstances under which, it was written) does not quite equal his Cambridge reputation, it is pleasant reading, except where it enters too much into the details of University proceedings. It signifies little to general readers to be informed who in such a year was Chancellor or Vice, or what particular graces were passed during their several administrations.

Of late years, in consequence of the publication of the 'Memoirs of Wilberforce' by his sons, a good deal has been said of the manner in which the services of Thomas Clarkson in the abolition of the Slave Trade were, if not passed over, slighted by the brothers. Upon this subject, Mr. Gunning, who was an eye-witness of the whole transaction from 1780 to 1829, speaks as follows, and seems to put the merit of each upon the right foundation.—

"On November 4, 1784, the Rev. Peter Peckard, Master of Magdalene, was chosen Vice-Chancellor; he came from Oxford, and was appointed to the mastership by Sir John Griffin, in whom, as proprietor of the Audley End estate, the right of appointment vested. At that time the subject of the slave-trade was beginning to occupy the public attention. His enthusiasm in favour of abolition was unbounded; he preached warmly against it at St. Mary's, and instead of the usual prayer before the sermon, he desired the prayers of the congregation for our brethren in the West Indies, who were labouring under the most galling oppression. He proposed, as a subject for the prize to be given to the Senior Bachelors, the following question:—'An licet nolentes in servitutum dare?' The first prize was adjudged to Thomas Clarkson, B.A., of St. John's. In the investigation of the subject, he discovered so many horrors attendant on the traffic, with which he was not previously acquainted, that from that hour to the close of a life, extended considerably beyond fourscore years, he devoted all his faculties of mind and body to the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery. A few years before his death, he was much annoyed to find in the publication of the 'Life of Wilberforce,' an attempt made to deprive him of the praise that was due to him for the warmth with which he had opposed this accursed trade. Wilberforce had always borne testimony to Clarkson's zeal and energy, and spoke of him invariably as the most able coadjutor. There can be no doubt that both of them pursued, with equal zeal and sincerity, their respective courses. It was the good fortune of Wilberforce to force on the attention of the Legislature a measure to which the greatest characters in the country and in the State were decidedly opposed: this he was enabled to do (by his peculiar eloquence, and the influence he possessed as the beloved representative of Yorkshire) in a way which no other person but himself could have effected. For the facts which he placed in so clear and so striking a point of view he was indebted to Clarkson, who had collected them at the hazard of his life. The truth is, that each of them, in his separate course, and according to his different

means, did all in his power to effect an object for which either of them would have gladly laid down his life."

The following amusing quotation refers to a gentleman who died not many years ago, whose name will be remembered by most of our readers, and whose early life gave few indications that he would ever undertake and carry through so important and laborious a work as the republication of the whole of the writings of Lord Bacon.—

"Among my acquaintance in my own college was Basil Montagu. He was the second son of the Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Ray, who was celebrated for her extraordinary vocal powers and personal beauty; she lived many years with his Lordship, by whom she had three sons and a daughter. The eldest, through his Lordship's influence at the Admiralty, (of which he was for many years First Commissioner,) found himself at the early age of twenty the captain of a seventy-four. My friend Basil had been educated at the Charter-house, and came to Christ's in 1786; he had, in addition to his Charter-house exhibition, one of the Tancred studentships in divinity. The tragical death of Miss Ray will still be in the memory of many persons; she was shot (during the childhood of her family) as she was stepping into a carriage, when returning from Covent Garden Theatre. The person who committed this rash act was the Rev. James Hackman, Rector of Wiverton, in Norfolk. He was awaiting her exit from the theatre with two loaded pistols; his aim proved immediately fatal. He discharged the other upon his own person, but the wound was not mortal; he was immediately secured and committed to Newgate, and afterwards executed. Mr. Hackman had formerly been an officer in the 68th regiment, and being at Huntingdon on a recruiting party, was frequently invited to dine at the table of Lord Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook Castle. He had many opportunities of seeing Miss Ray, with whom he became desperately enamoured; a correspondence commenced, and from the letters which were subsequently published, it appeared their affection was mutual. Mr. Hackman, finding he had no chance of promotion in the army for many years, and being desirous of improving his condition, in order that he might be enabled to marry Miss Ray, turned his thoughts to the church. As soon as he obtained preferment, he urged her to become his wife.—A hope, it appears, she had long allowed him to entertain, provided she found herself equal to part with her children. When the time arrived for her decision, she refused to leave Lord Sandwich. Maddened by her rejection, he determined on mutual destruction. Soon after this occurrence, a pamphlet was published by Dr. Herbert Croft, entitled 'Love and Madness.' My friend Basil Montagu was, during his college career the same eccentric being he showed himself in after-life, although his peculiarities were of a very different kind. No one would then have imagined he would ever be the author of a work 'Against the Use of Fermented Liquors,' although he would occasionally, at that time, drink only water for two or three successive weeks; but he would afterwards adopt a totally different system, and give a succession of splendid entertainments to his University acquaintance, who were invited to meet many of those friends who were visiting at Hinchinbrook Castle, amongst whom were some of the first amateur singers in the kingdom. Montagu's entertainments used to continue several days, until wine and credit were exhausted; he had then a studios fit for many weeks, during which time he rarely stirred beyond the college gates. When I was a candidate for the beddeship, he espoused my cause with his characteristic zeal; and was so urgent in his application to an old schoolfellow in Lincolnshire, that he absolutely came up to vote, although Montagu had neither stated the name of his friend, nor the office for which he was a candidate. I was at Montagu's rooms when Tuting (the person alluded to) arrived; he was not aware of my being the candidate, and I was amused by the production of Montagu's letter, wherein he stated that some one (whose name was perfectly illegible) was dead, and that a friend of his was a candidate. I could not but express my admiration of that friendship which had induced him to

undertake so long a journey to vote for a man whose name he had never heard, and whose qualifications for the unknown office he had taken for granted. I well remember that as soon as my election was over, Montagu and his friend started off on foot, carrying a 'Stilton cheese, which they agreed to take in turn, to proceed to Huntingdon to meet the Lincoln coach."

Dean Milner, the master of Queen's, and brother of the Church historian, is one of the subjects of Mr. Gunning's 'Reminiscences,'—his noble voice, and no less noble power of enjoyment at the dinner-table, being fully commemorated. He was a man, as he alleged, of a weak stomach, which he subjected to the peculiar treatment described in the following anecdote.—

"He gave the usual dinners to the members of the University on the Sunday, which, though it was clear from the arrangement that no female had been consulted, were (in their way) excellent, and his guests did ample justice to the good things set before them in great profusion. He was always in high spirits on these occasions, and the bottle circulated very freely. When the public dinners were over, he generally invited a friend or two in addition to myself and my colleagues: Harwood was almost always of the party. The public dinners were very merry ones, but the private ones were quite uproarious. On one occasion the Vice-Chancellor said to me very abruptly, 'You have been looking at me some time; I know what you are thinking on; you think that I eat a confounded deal!'—'No, Sir,' I said; 'I am surprised that you eat of such a variety of dishes.'—'The truth is,' said he, 'I have a very weak stomach, and when it has digested as much as it can of one kind of food, it will set to work and digest some other.' I observed to him, 'That the weakness of his stomach resembled that of Dr. Topping, a physician at Colchester, who, when a gentleman with whom he was dining expressed some dissatisfaction at his not taking claret, which had been provided expressly for him, answered, 'I have no objection to take a bottle, or a couple of claret, but I have so weak a stomach, I am obliged to drink a bottle of port first!'"

Many of Mr. Gunning's anecdotes relate to the power possessed by these Cambridge dons of dealing with the good things of this world. Their politeness, too, on such occasions was not less conspicuous than their power. Dr. Ogden—immortalized as the gentleman who happily characterized a goose as "a silly bird, too much for one and not enough for two"—was an eminent example of the conjoined qualities of politeness and power. Dining with Lord Hardwicke, the butler by mistake helped his Lordship and the Doctor to pale brandy instead of champagne. His Lordship discovered the mistake, and withdrew his lips in haste. The Doctor also found out the mistake, but emptied his glass. "I felt it my duty," he explained, "to take whatever your Lordship thought proper to offer me, if not with pleasure, at least in silence."

"Upon another occasion, when the mistress of the house asked him his opinion of a dish of ruffs and reeves (which were *rather under-done*), he replied, 'They are admirable, Madam—*raw*; what must they have been had they been roasted!'"

Dr. Parr furnishes an anecdote which belongs to the class of those relating to gastronomy.—

"Walking one day to dine with a friend some miles from Cambridge, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, and, not being able to procure shelter, was completely drenched before he reached his destination. With linen and clothes his friend was able to furnish him, but his handkerchief was obliged to supply the absence of a wig, which was sent to the kitchen to be dried. After a time, the Doctor exclaimed, with much animation, and with his accustomed lisp, 'How very kind of you, my dear friend, to remember my love for *roathe gootie*!' Had his friend not been aware that no such dish was to be

With cliffs around all sinking steep,
Like some old ruin, rocky keep,—
Save where the hunter crossed the brow,
As on a drawbridge of the snow.
No other issue from the spot—
And his seemed now a happy lot—
For he had won the white gazelle,
And his for ever was Flore!e!
He stood already for the rage
Of baffled sleight on that strait stage—
And thus each rested in the race,
And met and marvelled, face to face;
The one with round reproachful eye,
The other flushed with victory—
Like men before the final fight,
In all the sense of mustered might.
He raised to give the fatal fire,—
When, with a shriek of scornful ire,
Sheer o'er the sudden precipice
The foe flew from that fearful height,—
And when he looked down the abyss,
There stood an instant to his sight
The goat, upon a pointed rock,
Unharm'd by terror or by shock,
With feet all gathered to a span,—
Then vanishing in cleft again,
Till far below it burrowed forth,
Like streamlet starting from the earth,
And staid not, till on glacier sea
It skimmed the wild waves fast and free.

The stronger points of Swiss scenery are vividly painted in these lines.—

Began the weary war again—
At first, o'er wide and placid plain,
With rock and wreck besprinkled o'er—
Then on a broken billowed floor—
The waving waves were wet with rills—
The rounded troughs were blue and bright—
The gurgling waters of the mills
Went down to deep unfathomed night.
They bounded, both, from wave to wave
Upon the crumbling crusted cave—
Now lost within the channelled deep,
Now climbing up some slipping steep,
Or on the billows' crested ridge,
Or by the ribboned ice cliff edge—
A moment seen, then gone again—
The hunter's aim was brief and vain—
And, now, had closed the rocky shores
The sluggish snow stream in its course,
And waves of wildest strife and storm
Were frozen fast in frenzied form—
Wide staring gulph, and cave, and chasm,
Of wrench, and thrust, and split, and spasm,
And pinnacle with deep abyss,—
And cliffs of crystal precipice,
That shut the way, as with a wall,
And closed the curtains of the vale.

Heart Throbbings. By Ernest King. (Berger.)—These crude but occasionally fluent poems are evidently the work of an uncultivated although earnest mind. The author describes himself in his Preface as "left fatherless at an early age, toiling for bread when he should have been taught, and struggling as he grew up with many difficulties," and with "little opportunity for self-culture." We have no doubt that a certain sensibility for the Beautiful throws a radiance around the rough path he treads, which his knowledge of books and his experience of men alike increase. He addresses himself to the sons of labour, and by them he may be read; but he need not be afraid that any force he possesses will be weakened by polish. These poems abound in small classical allusions, the metre borrowed from hymns—too often the poor man's only music—religious thoughts mixed up with 'Dreams of Australia,' 'The Turkish Question,' and democratic 'Aspirations.' The first two verses of 'The Temple of Prayer' are the best in the book.—

Pillar'd with the grand old forests,
Roof'd with broad expansive blue,
Flowers springing up for carpets,
Bathed in pearly hanging dew—
Altars rising up like mountains,
Incense from their tops ascend;
Holy water—bubbling fountains,
Sparkling as their course they vend.
Music by the feather'd songsters,
Matins when the dawn doth rise,
Vespers when the temple darkens,
And the open daylight dies—
Hush'd to rest, watch'd by the star,
Softly looking from its height,
Spangles that the angels bear
In their crowns to cheer the night.

The Siege of Silistria: a Poem. By W. T. Thornton. (Longman & Co.)—This poem contains many columns of "foreign corre-

spondence" thrown into forcible and pleasing rhyme. It is written after the model of Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' with occasional colloquial and trivial passages, that read like tame sentences from 'Hudibras.' We liked 'Zohrab,' the author's former work; and knowing that he can write, must lament his selection of so ungracious a subject as the present. Orloff was not a Hector, Paskewitch a Paris, or Silistria Troy,—nor could Homer himself make such a subject interesting. The poem has no end; and the Russians retreating when the war is still undecided furnishes no climax. Our author's overflowing patriotism is more sensibly shown in the following energetic song.—

No more of Floating Ramparts.

No more of floating ramparts, of wooden walls no more,
No more of billowy bulwarks, piled round our island shore,
No more of martial phrases, we speak in braggy phrase,
Of future triumphs auring from those of former days.
True, the old heirlooms still are ours, the stubborn hearts
Of oak,
And gallant chivalry as o'er through serried phalanx broke,
Yet, not for this, exultingly, we join in choral song,
Nor claim the race as for the swift, the battle for the strong.

In sword of finest temper, in shield of proof we trust,
Ours is the triple panoply of them whose feud is just;
Ours is the might inspired by right; in this may we confide,
How shall we fear what man can do, while God is on our side?

Biblical Sketches and Hymns. By A. Neale. (Cash.)—These metrical paraphrases—or rather simply paraphrases—are the work of an Irish Lady, who informs us in her Preface that many of the pieces were composed at a very childish age. It is not a promising sign when a first work contains more verses than all Milton's poems put together, and about as many as would make up into two Iliads. We find a difficulty in selecting a page good enough to quote. There is no effort visible in the lines. We wish there was. They are like Rob Roy, "too bad to praise, and ower gude to ban." The English prose of the Bible is not to be lightly handled. It must be good verse that excels that prose. Keble is the writer's model, but we should have more power than is visible in such lines as these, simple and pious as they are.—

Amos.

Upon the slopes of Judah's hills
A peasant led his herd to feed,
And underneath the sycamores,
Thoughtful and sad, his foot he stayed;
And upward to the clear blue sky
He lifted oftentimes his eye.
Deep things were working in his soul,
Mysterious voices blent with thought,
And 'mid the stillness of the fields
His spirit heavenly guidance sought;
With judgments dread, or promise true,
The future shadowed to his view.

Morning, and other Poems, Humorous, Sentimental, and Satirical. By Richard Harris. Vol. II. (Bell.)—Our chief impression after reading this volume is, that our author has a marked and old-fashioned predilection for italics. Every joke, every fine thought, every word requiring emphasis in the reading, is thus underlined, till the constant call upon our attention grows wearisome. The facility of a valentine writer combined with about the quantum of taste which may ordinarily be found in that class of compositions, are Mr. Harris's principal qualifications. In one page he compares Summer to "a schoolboy newly breeched,"—and speaks of earth's stomach as "aching," England as awaking, but "still in her night-cap," &c.

The following extract will indicate our impression of his grasp of thought.—

I saw a Buonaparte, who well-nigh held
Within his greedy grasp the world itself;
Who would have tried to swallow, had he thought
His throat were large enough, the very earth,
And then with watering mouth have eyed the stars
As meet for his desert; then fallen in love
With her who is the consort of the Sun;
Until at length the Sun himself debased,
Heaven next had been the place of his attack;
And, last of all, he had invaded hell!

Beyond this it would indeed be difficult to go:—for the present, therefore, we come to an end.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

On the Material Aids of Education: being an Inaugural Lecture on the Occasion of the Educational Exhibition of 1854. Delivered July 10, 1854, by W. Whewell, D.D. (Parker & Son.)—Useless though it be, we cannot help regretting that Dr. Whewell had not an opportunity of seeing the various material means of education collected in the Educational Exhibition before he prepared his lecture. His observations would then have had a more definite and practical character than attaches to most of them now. Far be it from us to quarrel with his definition of education and his general remarks upon the subject; yet we much prefer that part of his lecture in which he gives illustrations of material aids to education derived from the sciences of geometry and mechanics. His ocular demonstrations of fundamental truths in those sciences are striking instances of what may be done in the way of education with very simple materials, if the teacher be but competent. We should have been glad to have had more of these, both as incitements and guides to instructors. It is satisfactory to find Dr. Whewell insisting so forcibly upon the cultivation of taste, by the study of the fine arts, as an essential ingredient in education.

Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. (Cambridge, Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Maurice is remarkable, we are told, as a lecturer, for obtaining great influence over the minds of his pupils. The present volume probably discloses some portion of the secret of this power. Besides passages of unquestionable value—such, for example, as the remarks on baptism, on Clement Alexandrinus, and on Tertullian—there is much that is mere vague suggestion and insinuation. Teaching of this latter kind is generally attractive to young persons, who are apt to fancy they have received enlightenment, when in truth they have only been brought up to a pitch of excitement. We cannot applaud such teaching. It should be the object of all education to communicate clear ideas. Dreamy suggestion leaves the mind in a state to accept any seductive novelty. No one will deny to Mr. Maurice the possession of many excellent qualities. In treating of morals he is admirable, clear, terse, and forcible; but in theology—his special subject—he seems to delight in refined distinctions. He writes too frequently as if either he were himself in a mist, or were unable to make palpable to others the deep thoughts with which his own mind teems. In either case the result is not satisfactory.

Mental Exercises of a Working Man. By David M'Burnie. (Newby.)—The author of this collection has already published two prize essays on questions of a social character. Of the 'Exercises' in the present volume, four are reprinted from a periodical. The subjects selected are various; descending from Milton to Geology, from the Origin of Evil to Insanity, and from Human Perfectibility to Mr. Macaulay. In his speculations Mr. M'Burnie is diffuse and vague; but there is a good deal of serious thought and intelligence discoverable in the book, as well as a fearlessness, which we should admire the more did it not tempt him into perilous discussions. In fact, the "Working Man" discourses with facility on topics by which philosophers are perplexed. He deals freely with the opinions of modern thinkers, and undertakes to account for the origin of evil—to explain the nature and power of conscience—to give the geologist a rap with his own hammer—and to decide the influence of certain historical periods on the character of races and nations. These ambitious efforts are, it should be said, assisted by a quick imagination and by a fluency which rushes at times into verbiage as well as into hyperbole. We perceive, too, the strong impress of particular teachers in the different "exercises." However, there is one characteristic which is Mr. M'Burnie's own—he has faith in education,—he apostrophizes know-

ledge as the power which will elevate his class,—he exhorts his fellow working-men to believe in themselves and to enlighten their minds. This is a healthy and sensible spirit, for the sake of which we forgive the final rhapsody about the end of war, the "millennium all but divine," the quenching of the passions and the enjoyments of "a blooming paradise of intellectual, moral and religious sweets."

History of Workop, with Historical, Descriptive and Discursive Sketches of Sherwood Forest and the Neighbourhood. By Edwin Eddison. (Longman & Co.)—Improvement in our Guide Books is sadly wanted. Here is one relating to a country of the highest interest—a country which ought to be an inspiration to the historical writer. Within his range the author has included Sherwood Forest, with its traditions of Robin Hood, and its ancient oaks which may have sheltered the outlaw's merry men, together with the princely seats of Clumber, Thoresby, Welbeck, Clipstone, Hardwick, Newstead, Chatsworth and Haddon:—too many good things to be crowded into a duodecimo. The author is a young writer, and has published before he has sufficiently studied. His great authorities—as he has very properly stated—are Thoroton and Hunter; but from neither of them did he learn that Leland's 'Itinerary' was "published in the reign and by the command of Henry the Eighth;" nor that when the bells rang in 1632, on the Earl of Arundel's passing through Workop, it was because he went and returned as general of the army against the Covenanters; nor that the grants of Henry the Eighth contained such words as he quotes, and designates "the language of the degenerate Latins;"—with many other foolish blunders. Could not our publishing Societies do something towards improving this very useful class of literature? The information really required might be classified under a comparatively few heads. It would not be difficult to publish a model guide-book which would be applicable to the circumstances of half the parishes in England.

Passing Clouds: a Tale of Florence. A Play. (Longman & Co.)—Perhaps the great secret of failure—if we may use that expression—in the case of dramatic writers is, the obstinacy with which they confine their studies to the works of their predecessors—disregarding all observation of actual life. Human nature cannot be learnt from books; and probably we never perfectly realize any of its manifestations which have not evidenced themselves in our own lives. All great dramatists, though they have taken their stories from books, must have felt the emotions they describe, or carefully observed their workings in others. The interviews of Iago and Othello will teach nothing of jealousy to mere spectators or readers whose age or whose temperament excludes them from experience of that distorting passion, any more than the "alarms" and "fights" interspersed in the historical pieces instruct them in the tactics of war. Writers of the class to which the author of 'Passing Clouds' belongs seem to disregard this truth; and their representations of human life are therefore as like reality as the last pale print of a lithographic impression is like the original drawing from which it is copied. This Tale of Florence shows evidence of the careful study of some favourite dramatic writers, particularly of Massinger. It is a love story, in which two couples, after being mildly thwarted for some time by parental influence and other obstacles—not, we are glad to say, by a villain, for there is no such person in the piece,—are at length brought happily together. In the first scene, a steward and a man-at-arms, the steward's wife and a servant, appear to inform the reader that a contest is going on between the retainers of the rival families behind the scenes. The lane "beside the offices and hall" is piled "high with corpses;" and so forth—a pretty extensive exaggeration of the conflicts between the Capulets and the Montagues. Then "enter Saint Angelo and Raphael" who, without any allusion to the sanguinary struggle barely concluded, talk of matrimonial alliances in language tediously courteous. In general the diction is weak and redundant; with here and there a strong expression. A youth beginning to learn Italian is described as—

Yet as in part feeble in our tongue,
Slendering from word to word.

—There are also one or two touches, to show the force of which it would be necessary to extract a long scene; but we are for the most part taken through the adventures of Raphael and Constance, Gaston and Herminia—not unskillfully arranged according to dramatic conventionalism—without being often startled by any peculiar beauties of phraseology; and without even feeling very nervous that poetical justice will not be done.

Gold: a Tale for the Times. (Chapman & Hall.)—A well-meant little brochure, intended to stimulate individuals to a sense of their privileges in local self-government,—and to warn them not to despise parliamentary parish business. But the moral is so whimsically placed, that it reads as though it were the one thing needful for men to leave off minding their particular business, and make themselves churchwardens.

The Brief Career; or, the Jew's Daughter: a Novel. By Capt. Horrocks. 3 vols. (Newby.)—In the course of nature, we have had to read novels of all kinds, some of which have required no small degree of intrepidity,—but we confess with humility that we have not read 'The Brief Career.' We have tried,—honestly done our best,—and failed! We have successively made the attempt upon each of the three volumes,—and failed in all. But, though we cannot pretend we know all about everything, still we have carried off the climax,—and here it is. The hero and heroine have both perished by the sudden breaking up of the ice before they can reach the Island of St. Helens, N.C.—"A glance of inexpressible ecstatic joy shot across her features, and won the victory over the nameless terror—of what?—of death with her Gerard, now indeed hers. Pity them not,—oh, no! For death alone had power to unite them—the celestial and the terrestrial:—her sacred love with his wavering weak attachment. And so, at last, she triumphed. Their bodies, frozen and shattered, sank beneath the wave,—but their souls from that moment were never parted: they live where love is perfect—where the angels chaunt."—Those who desire to know how they came to such a situation can if they please read the book,—but we rather recommend them to keep clear of it.

Amongst new editions, we have to notice one of the *History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen*, by the Rev. William Brown, M.D., a valuable book in which the information is brought down to the present time; *Eyeria; or, Casual Thoughts and Suggestions*, (Second Series), by B. Dockray, a second edition of a thoughtful and thought-suggesting volume.—Messrs. Chapman & Hall have included in their "Library of Fiction," Miss Jewsbury's *Half-Sisters*;—and Messrs. Routledge & Co., thanks to the House of Lords, have reprinted Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*.—The *Royal Hotel Guide* has reached a second edition. Progress has been made towards filling up the required columns of information, and in this season of the tourists, the Editor's invitation to travellers to send him their receipted bills will probably soon enable him to make rapid advances towards the required completeness. It will be a useful book.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Baldwin's (E.) *History of England*, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.
Barrett's (H. A.) *Little Arthur's Latin Primer*, 12mo. 1s. cl. swd.
Beale's (L. J.) *Health, Disease, and Longevity*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
Bouhler's (Rev. B.) *Ark in the House*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Boyle's (G.) *Difficulties of the French Language Explained*, 3s. 6d.
Boyle's (G.) *German Handwriting, How to be Learned*, 1s. 3d. swd.
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CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

THE announcement of Cardinal Wiseman as a lecturer at St. Martin's Hall, in connexion with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, was a surprise to many persons; and not less so his selection of a subject—"The Home Education of the Poor." It was thought that such a theme could scarcely be treated either fully or fairly without entering upon topics which it was not desirable for the Cardinal to discuss before that audience or in that place. All such doubts were based on ignorance of the character of the lecturer. Cardinal Wiseman found no difficulty. He passed lightly over the surface of his subject,—desecrated upon its admitted points in flowery language and in a bland and easy manner, which interested his hearers and excited their approbation. Upon such an occasion it might have been expected that the Cardinal would have given some explanation of the function and operations of the Congregation of the Index at Rome; but, taking his illustration from France rather than from Italy, he preferred to give an account of the recent proceedings of the Government of France in reference to the popular literature of that country. "He explained (according to the reporter of the *Times*) how it had been carried on for three hundred years by the *colportage*—how annually from 5,000,000 to 9,000,000 volumes, varying in price from one halfpenny to 10d., had been thus distributed—how little, in the lapse of ages, this literature had changed or been improved—and how, at length, the Government of the present Emperor had resolved to inquire into the character of the works thus circulated, with the view of prohibiting such as it considered noxious or foolish. On the 30th of November, 1852, a commission had been appointed, and, in consequence, the *colporteur* was required to have a stamp of permission on every book that he sold. The publishers had also been invited to send in their publications to be examined, and approved or rejected. The number of works in consequence submitted had been 7,500; and of them three-fourths had been refused permission to be put in circulation. He asked the meeting to imagine, with such a result, the state of the literature infecting every cottage in France, not for five, ten, or twenty, but for the last three hundred years. Many of these books were filled with superstitions, and the exploded fallacies of astrology were still preserved in them as scientific truths. A great void had been created by the withdrawal of these works,—and the question had arisen, how that was to be filled up? The Government had at first trusted to the exigency of the demand for a supply; and subsequently, finding that it did not come, had entertained the proposition of instituting men of real genius to prepare works on history, on agriculture, on elementary chemistry, and on other suitable subjects; but it had been considered dangerous thus to enter on a competition with the ordinary book trade, and the matter was still under consideration."

The proceedings thus detailed may be correctly stated; but it ought to have been added that, in thus endeavouring to improve popular literature, the Government of the Emperor is merely following up, in its own way, a movement which originated with the Government of General Cavaignac. We have formerly [see *Athen.* for 1848, No. 1090, p. 925; and for 1849, No. 1129, p. 615] noticed the measures adopted by Cavaignac's Government, and some of the publications which were, in consequence, sent forth. Whatever may result from the proceedings of the Emperor, justice requires

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that the enlightened effort of his predecessor should not be overlooked.

From France the Cardinal passed to England. He did not, of course, suggest any direct interference of authority with our popular literature, but he recommended the subject as a proper one for Parliamentary inquiry. He strongly deprecated the vicious character of much of our cheap literature, and declared it to be the intention of his lecture simply to awaken attention to the great educational wants of the people, and especially to the want of a literature which should enable the poorer classes to carry on at home the little education which they receive at school. In all this there is much that is true—much that the consistent friends of education have for years been endeavouring to remedy. If the Cardinal comes forward to assist in the same cause, he will receive a welcome. But his suggestion of a Parliamentary inquiry is, to say the least of it, a very suspicious one. Such inquiries pre-suppose, and are made with a view to, Parliamentary regulation. The interference of authority—be it that of Parliament or of King—with the liberty of the press can only be accomplished by censorship; and censorship—however consistent with the theory of Churches which own an infallible authority, and with the practice of States which commit absolute power to their executive—can never be tolerated in a country which sanctions free inquiry into all subjects whatsoever. Besides, censorship has always failed to accomplish the object aimed at by the Cardinal. When was our own literature in a state of the most absolute demoralization? To what period do the worst of those books belong which are to be found only on the top shelves of the libraries of curious collectors—books which no woman dares to open? Most of them were published when our press was under a censorship. And can it be alleged that books of a vicious kind have been less numerous in France under a censorship than in our own country without one? Are not many of the worst books which may be found in this country translated or otherwise derived from books first printed in France? Censorship of any kind would not only be opposed to the genius of all our institutions, but would not accomplish the object at which it aims. The true mode of meeting the evil is not by the introduction of Expurgatorial Indexes, but by unlimited freedom and facility of publication. Meet the demoralizer upon his own ground, as Cavaignac proposed. Circulate the antidote more widely than the poison,—spread education in every direction,—let the whole country be pervaded with a cheap and wholesome literature,—and the result need not be feared. The doctrines of virtue and honesty, as opposed to those of the sensualist and the pander, are the doctrines of common sense, which in the end is certain to prevail.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lindau, Lake of Constance.

WERE not our landscape painters curiously imitative of one another in choosing their subjects—for ever repeating the Grand Canal at Venice, and Oberwesel on the Rhine, and the Terrace at Haddon Hall,—I might hope to direct one of them to this Bavarian island, as a haunt full of unexhausted pictures—a thing totally distinct from that picturesque grandeur of nature which distances all Art. Before the day when the railway from Augsburg hither was completed, how few thought of Lindau!—now, many are coming to it, and more will come; and few, I think, will leave it willingly. At five hours' distance from Augsburg, three days and five hours from London, Lindau is as fair a place for the sheathing of nerves worn bare by anxiety—for the "uncrumpling of a soul" (as Jean Paul hath it) wrinkled up by its crosses, as heart and brain could desire. I shall always thank the pestilential influences of the climate of Munich, which made flight necessary, for driving me to a shelter so quaint, so full of beauty, so cheerful, and so healthy. Ere I had been here many hours, the tune of the graceful English glee, 'Blow light, thou balmy air,' came up as instinctively as Alpine

melodies do when one is high among the mountains. But I had been already welcomed by a pleasant proof of the clemency of the climate, where tourist least expects to find grace or pleasure, while passing the new Custom-House. This, like the railway station, is an effective and simple building, in brick of three colours,—now blazing with the flowers of its tiny home-garden—oleander, geranium, erythrina, cactus, and cereus—as brightly as some painter's garland. We are on an island here in Lindau; a few towers belonging to its old fortifications yet remain, and a bit of "Heathen's Wall," almost Cyclopean in the masses of stone heaped one upon another. But the bastions are now irregular gardens, planted with trees—on the landward side, commanding an assemblage of objects as peculiar as it is pleasing. The low causeway along which the iron-road is laid down to the island, and the old wooden bridge, by which carriages enter Lindau, when seen in combination with the long reaches of the lake beyond them down towards Langenargen and Friedrichshafen, break the perspective, as excellently as if they had been placed there for no other purpose. Then, if he looks towards Lindau from the lake side, the sketched will find all the life and variety of a small but thriving port, and may gather countless groupings of pile and pier, fishing-skiff and market-boat, with a stout square watch-tower in the background, and countless other incidents and details, only to be produced by Time, Ruin, and Repair, when they have dealt with the rich and solid structures piled up by nobles and burghers before "aesthetics" were thought of. Entering the little town, there is hardly a street or alley that will not yield its example of fountain, or balcony, or gazebo window, or arcade, or scrolled gable; so that in material of this sort, also, a new Prout would profit richly by his stay here. To bound the view from Lindau, is the Voralberg Alp, with its mists and mysteries towering behind Bregenz. That threshold of Austria is distant hence a couple of hours for the stroller, twenty minutes for him who uses steam, an hour for a pair of oars. There is cheerful and prosperous life everywhere. Last evening, being rowed over to Bregenz, I was hardly out of hearing of the capital band of a Bavarian regiment on this shore, playing jocularly as they marched home to quarters from Prince Leopold's pleasure-house, before I was within reach of the distant music of an Austrian Jäger regiment, in the Platz at Bregenz. Such accompaniments to an hour on the water under one of those sunsets the pomp and glory of which startle those chiefly accustomed to city skies, are worth counting among the attractions of a resting-place. Lastly, for the creature who must have his comforts, there is an excellent roomy new inn on the verge of the port, gay at noon with stir and society, with hosts of comers and goers, and still at night—wisely planned, inasmuch as the separation of the sexes who smoke and the sexes who do not, is absolute; and presided over by a civil and ubiquitous landlord. It is long, in short, ere I have seen a place for sojourn which—whether the pilgrim be one in quest of health, or a dreamer too life-worn to bear his dreams in utter solitude, or a more energetic worker aspiring to become the Vandervelde of lake scenery—offers so much accessible attraction as Lindau. C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE multitude of chances to which our public documents are subjected is passing strange. How any of them survive the treatment of a few years is marvellous. Fire and water have alternately laid siege to them with fatal success. Damp has destroyed its thousands, and rats and other filthy vermin their tens of thousands. The last chance to which some of them have been exposed is the most ignominious of all—an over-charged sewer has burst its bounds and immersed all within its reach of the documents of the House of Lords. These documents, some of which, we are told, are of great historical interest, are arranged in a series of rooms on the lowest floor of the legislative palace at Westminster. The unruly Sewer covered some, if not all, of these rooms to

the depth of several inches, and on its subsidence left a deposit of filthy and offensive mud. As good luck would have it, only a few papers, which were in the course of arrangement in one of the rooms, happened to be on the floor (a pretty place for them to be!) and slight mischief was consequently done. Steps to remedy and so forth are of course being taken, and much good will, no doubt, result from this invasion of the Sewer. The House of Lords will see the propriety of providing tables on which the process of arrangement may be carried on in future; and perhaps even their Lordships may quicken that process, and give us a catalogue of these historical documents, the existence of which, so far as we can learn, was unknown to historical writers. The Sewer is the first inquirer who has made use of them.

Sewers seem in various ways amongst the best friends of antiquarians and historians. The excavation of one at Gloucester, which lately produced some remains which were exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries, has since brought to light a part of the foundations either of Holy Trinity Church, removed about a century and a half ago, or of its tower. A stone ring, supposed to have once formed the upper part of the font, also turned up. In laying down the drainage-pipes in some of the streets the workmen came upon several examples of Roman tessellated pavement, in excellent preservation, at about ten feet below the surface. An encaustic tile floor is spoken of as having been discovered in Westgate Street.

Mr. Cyrus Redding sends us his evidence on the authorship of Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' [ante, pp. 805, 911, and 944]. He says:—"I give the notion of the work not having been written by Campbell my most direct and positive contradiction. In 1833 I saw Campbell at work upon the manuscript. Nearly twelve years' literary labour together had terminated in 1832, and I think I must have known something of the poet's handwriting. In 1833 I went into Sussex, and completed my 'History of Wines.' I found the poet still at work on that very manuscript on my return to town,—about December in that year. He considered himself bound to Mrs. Siddons by long acquaintanceship and a distinct promise to perform the task. Campbell had got rid of the execution of the Life of Lawrence, for which he had collected some materials, and had set about the Life of Mrs. Siddons with very scanty means for such a performance. I found the poet complaining of this in 1834, just after which I quitted London for nearly seven years. The poet sent a copy of the work after me. He complained that he could not make bricks without straw: he did all he could do in such a dilemma. One of Mrs. Siddons's last visits was to the poet, then living in Scotland Yard: I remember Washington Irving and J. G. Lockhart, as well as myself, being invited to meet her."

Whilst the cause of popular education was receiving at St. Martin's Hall the intended advocacy, as we trust, of an unexpected ally in Cardinal Wiseman, one of its old supporters was caught flying, and, nothing loth, was suddenly pressed into its service at his place of temporary retirement in the north. A little school, built in a romantic locality on the banks of Windermere by the liberality of Mr. G. Redmayne, had just been completed, and was about to be opened at a public meeting, when it was rumoured in the neighbourhood that Lord John Russell had just arrived at the Lowood Inn. The clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, promptly seized the offered occasion, and in a little while the meeting assembled, and, to the surprise and gratification of everybody, the President of the Council took the chair, and his whole family were present. The Rev. Mr. Miller, of Birmingham, made an encouraging speech on the advance and prospects of English education. Lord John addressed the meeting at some length, and referring to an allusion made by Mr. Miller to the presence of the widow of the lamented Dr. Arnold, whose residence is in the immediate neighbourhood, concluded by a warm tribute to the Doctor's memory, and with the expression of an earnest wish that the bitterness of party spirit might no longer impede the progress of education.

The allusion to Dr. Arnold reminds us to chronicle that the Rev. A. P. Stanley, the author of the 'Life of Arnold,' has been appointed one of Prince Albert's chaplains. Literature may also claim some share in the selection of Mr. Tom Taylor as Secretary to the new Board of Health, whilst the friends of education may take courage and persevere from the transfer of the Rev. Mr. Quekett (the subject of the paper in 'Household Words,' 'What a London Curate can do if he tries,') from St. George's in the East to Warrington. A canonry of St. Paul's would have been a better thing for him, and would not have removed him from his present most useful labours; but the appointment was no doubt kindly meant, and the presence of such a man at Warrington will be eminently useful.

Mr. Petermann writes to us:—"Captain W. Allen's communication to your columns of the 12th inst. (*ante*, p. 995) with regard to the longitude of Kuka, calls for a very few words in reply. Your Correspondent says that the greatest difference between the various estimates of the longitude of that place does not amount to 200 miles, as stated by me, but only 166; and that the longitude as estimated by himself is not 130 miles (as likewise said to be stated by me), but only 48 miles different 'from the true longitude.' This apparent discrepancy between the two statements will be explained, first, by the fact that my miles are meant to be English statute miles, and those of Capt. Allen English geographical miles, and it will be found that 166 of the latter are equal to 'about 200' of the former, as stated by me. Secondly, every one reading the respective paragraphs in my article attentively, will see that the longitude as estimated by Capt. Allen is compared by me with that given by Clapperton and Denham, and not with that of Dr. Vogel, and does differ 'some 130 miles' from the former, as stated by me. I made these comparisons simply in order to show the great uncertainty that prevailed respecting this important point previous to Dr. Vogel's labours; and it must certainly be very gratifying to Capt. Allen that his own estimate of the longitude of Kuka, as inferred from a careful comparison of his valuable observations on the Kowara with the Itineraries of Clapperton and Lander, approaches nearer than any other to the longitude as now given by Dr. Vogel."

The Society of Antiquaries having memorialized the Government that the photographers attached to the expedition into the East might be instructed to obtain views of such ancient remains as fell in their way, have received, we understand, a civil answer from Lord Raglan; but what has become of these photographers? Lord Raglan, we are told, has promised to give them proper instructions when they arrive—but when is that likely to be? In the presence of active warfare, with all its multitudinous demands, upon the thoughts and energies of those engaged in it, this may seem to be a small matter, but hereafter when the history of these events shall come to be written, how great will be the loss, especially to those personally concerned, if the simple means of perpetuating the reality of things—and in some cases even of events—which photography presents shall have been neglected, or worse still—rejected on considerations of an liberal economy.

The British Archaeological Association is holding its annual meeting this week at Chepstow. From the names of the persons assembled, it seems but poorly attended. The archaeological festivities have been saddened by several melancholy incidents. Sir Fortunatus Dwaris is President, in the place of Mr. Bernal, absent through illness.

The Lords of the Treasury have directed that the weight allowed for publications bearing newspaper stamps, but not being strictly newspapers, which are permitted to pass through the post under the newspaper privilege, be limited to three ounces. The paper is to be so folded as to expose the stamp to view; and there is not to be any outside wrapper, with the exception of a loose cover for the address.

The Second Sale of Mr. Pickering's Books produced prices beyond all expectation. The collection was rich in Bibles. The first edition of the Bible in Welsh, 1588, sold for 28*l.* 10*s.*—the English ver-

sion, known as that of Matthews (imperfect), 1537, 13*l.* 15*s.*—the reprint of the same version in 1549, 31*l.*—and Day's reprint, 1551, 19*l.*—Cranmer's Bible, Whitechurch, 1553, 27*l.* 10*s.*—and a fine copy of a rare edition of the same version, Rouen, 1566, 64*l.*—the Bishops', or Parker's Bible, 1568, 60*l.* 10*s.*: all the above, except the first, were bought for America. The second edition of the Bishops' Bible, 1569, produced 23*l.* 10*s.*—another edition, fol., R. Jugge, 1572, 42*l.* 10*s.*—the first edition of the present version, 25*l.* 10*s.*—the Cambridge edition, John Field, 1660, 15*l.* Books of other classes produced equally high prices. Lord Bacon's Translation of Certain Psalms into English Verse, 1625, a presentation copy to George Herbert, with verses *in honorem* in Herbert's autograph, 11*l.*—Becon's David's Harpe, full of most delectable harmony, 1542, 9*l.* 10*s.*—Chaucer's Works by Nicolas, 1845, one of two copies printed on vellum, 25*l.* 10*s.*—George Herbert's Epigrammata Latina, &c., the author's manuscript, with unpublished poem addressed to Lord Bacon, 18*l.* 5*s.*—Gower's Confessio Amantis, Caxton, 1493, wanting forty leaves, 24*l.*—George Herbert's Temple, first edition, n. d. 19*l.* 15*s.*—Booke of Common Prayer, Edward Whitechurch, 16th June, 1549, 19*l.* 15*s.*—Dr. Johnson's Poetical Works, presented to Cowper by his friend Rose, with Cowper's autograph, a slip containing two lines of his Homer, and a letter from Dr. John Johnson presenting the volume to Thos. Hill, 2*l.* 18*s.*—The Psalms from Cranmer's Version, 12mo. W. Seres, 1565, 20*l.* 15*s.*—Psalms in Meter in use of the Kirk of Scotland, 8vo. Middleburgh, 1594, 10*l.*—Tyndale's Testament, 1548, 16*l.* 15*s.*; 1552, 13*l.* 5*s.* (for America).—New Testament, Barker, 1611, first edition of the present version, presumed to be unique, 33*l.* 15*s.* (for America).—Versteegan's Odes, 1601, 17*l.*—Walton's Lives, first collected edition, with autograph presentation, 11*l.* 5*s.*—Reliquie Wottoniane, 1651, presentation copy to Mrs. Digbie, with inscription in autograph of Isaac Walton, the editor of the volume, 30*l.* 5*s.* The sale of 3,869 lots produced 3,906*l.* 11*s.*

The great Becker Collection of Coins, at Amsterdam, was sold by auction, a short time since, for 25,000 guilders. It included 3,400 Greek and Roman coins, 5,800 Oriental, and 3,119 Dutch and miscellaneous.

A Correspondent writes to us with reference to the Earl of Aberdeen's defence of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster in their demand of 200*l.* for the permission to erect a monument to Campbell, as noticed in our last number. The Earl is reported to have stated that the Dean and Chapter possessed no estates from which they could provide for the repairs of the Abbey, and there were no funds available for that purpose, as was generally the case with respect to similar establishments. Our Correspondent replies, that it appears in the Appendix to the Report of the Cathedral Commissioners, dated the 6th of April last, that the income of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the year 1852 amounted to the sum of 30,657*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.*, and that under the head of "Fabric," the building is stated to be in "good condition; maintenance fund one-fifteenth of corporate revenues." "It is clear, therefore," argues our Correspondent, "that Lord Aberdeen has been either misinformed or misrepresented. There is a fund to maintain the fabric of the edifice in charge of the Dean and Chapter. It is true that it is probably a fund set apart by the voluntary resolution of the Dean and Chapter, but before they apply for grants of public money in aid of that fund, or demand exorbitant fees for the erection of monuments, they ought to show that the proportion of one-fifteenth, which probably they themselves have set apart, is a fair proportion of their revenues, and that the persons amongst whom the remainder of their income is apportioned are properly paid. Upon that subject all that clearly appears in the Report is, that the 'Total expenditure of the Dean and Chapter for 1852,' was 29,949*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*, and that of that sum 6 minor canons received not more than 900*l.*; 12 lay vicars, 1,465*l.* 16*s.*; 12 chorists, 135*l.* 12*s.*; and 12 bardsmen, 154*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; leaving a balance

of 25,959*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.* applicable to the payment of the Dean, 8 Canons, and other unexplained charges." We have examined our Correspondent's figures and find them accurate. Beyond that we know nothing of the circumstances. We stated at the time that we quoted Lord Aberdeen's words as we found them reported. All that our Correspondent asserts merely goes to justify our remark, that "we should like to have the facts alleged by Lord Aberdeen on behalf of the Dean and Chapter proved before a Committee of the House of Commons."

The Palace of Industry in the *Champs Elysees* progresses rapidly towards completion. The only States of any importance who have not expressed their intention of taking part in the Exhibition are Russia, and—strange to say—Prussia. The entire space at the disposal of the French Commission is about 900,000 superficial feet for the industrial section, of which 150,000 superficial feet have been allotted to Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies. The fine-arts department will consist of about 130,000 superficial feet of hanging space, of which about one-tenth part will be allotted to this country, together with a certain space for sculpture. The walls of Paris are everywhere placarded with the Prefect's proclamation relative to the Exhibition, in which Parisians are informed that the 16th inst. is the last day on which the authorities of the Seine would receive applications for space. Amongst the preparations we may also notice the fact, that an hotel is in course of preparation near the Italian Opera House, which is to contain one thousand beds.

Industrial Exhibitions are becoming a rage in the departmental towns of France. Bourdeaux, which collected the best specimens of its local industries in 1850, has just filled the magnificent Salle des Quinconces with a brilliant display of manufactures, &c., which, according to the French journals, places the Exhibition at the head of all the departmental shows. This Exhibition was opened, on the 15th inst., by M. Heurtier, the Director-General of Agriculture and Commerce. The manufactures and agricultural produce of Normandy have been also lately gathered into a hall at Avranches. This Exhibition appears to have attracted to the old town crowds of curious visitors, interested in the progress of agriculture and the arts of the province. Every hotel is full:—and the local papers describe the Exhibition as a most interesting and useful one.

The French newspapers announce the death of Mons. S. A. Langlois, member of the Academy, who succeeded M. Causin de Perceval in 1835. A Correspondent has sent us a notice of M. Langlois, written upon the presumption that he was the author of the well-known 'Essai sur les Danses des Morts.' But that work was written by Mons. E. H. Langlois, of Pont de l'Arche, who died several years ago.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—Admission, 1*s.*—The original PANORAMA of LONDON BY DAY is exhibited daily, from half-past Ten till Five. Museum of Sculpture, Conservatory, Swiss Cottage, &c. The extraordinary PANORAMA of LONDON BY NIGHT, every Evening from Seven till Ten. Music from Two till Five, and during the Evening.

CYCLOPEDIA, Albany Street.—NOW OPEN, with a Colossal Moving Panorama of the City and Bay of NAPLES, MOUNT VESUVIUS, and PUMPEII, exhibiting the great Eruption of 1794, and present state of the Excavated City. Painted by Mr. J. M'NEVIN, from Sketches taken by himself in 1832. Daily at Three and Eight o'clock, with appropriate Music and Description.—Admission, 1*s.*; children and Schools, half-price.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—SEAT OF WAR. THE DIORAMA OF THE BALTIC, DANEVSK, and BLACK SEA, including Cronstadt, Sebastopol, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg is now exhibiting daily, at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 3*s.*

PATRON—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.
ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, under ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT.
COURSE OF MONDAY LECTURES, SPECIALLY AD-
DRESSED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES, to which they
and their Families will be ADMITTED, MORNING OR EVEN-
ING, on PAYMENT OF SIXPENCE each, on producing a Ticket
signed by the Foreman or Superintendent of the Works to which
they may belong. THE THIRD LECTURE OF THE COURSE will
be delivered by the Rev. Professor BADEN POWELL, F.R.S., on
MONDAY EVENING, the 29th inst., at Eight o'clock, on the
PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.
GREAT SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES.—NATURE-PRINTING
by Dr. BACHOFFNER. EXHIBITION OF THE MODERN
GREEK FIRE, and of DR. BACHOFFNER'S PATENT FIRE-
WORKS, by Mr. J. BACHOFFNER, at the Lecture. Also, a
PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, &c. &c. A
BAND OF MUSIC under the direction of Mr. W. A. D. of the
Italian Opera. The Gas-lighting has been re-arranged by
J. LESLIE, Esq. FOSS'S PATENT HAND-PRINTING APPA-
RATUS explained daily, with MANY OTHER INVENTIONS.

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FINE ARTS

MODERN SCULPTURE AT SYDENHAM.

The Courts of Modern Sculpture, like all the other Courts, have what Ben Jonson would call their "humours."

It is pleasant in these early August mornings, when the corn lies on the southern slopes around the Palace, heaving and swelling in rolling billows, restless and golden as an ocean at sunset—when the lark has sprung up fathoms high through the blue air rather like a returning diver gleeful with his pearls than an Icarus doomed to fall before the wrath of the kindling sun;—it is pleasant at those hours to tell our matin beads as we wander through the luminous arcades devoted to Modern Art, totally disregarding the cool and dewy showers that Sir Joseph Paxton's myrmidons shed down upon us like benedictions, as they lavishly water those hanging flower-beds which, beautiful as they are, will probably some day or other help to diminish the number of the Company's patrons.

It is cheering to behold the appropriate drops of transitory crystal, each with its little core of light, glisten on Mr. Marshall's 'Sabrina,' and trickle from her "braids of lilies" to her loose train of "amber dropping hair." Now they be-gem Aurora or stud Diana's tresses, and Ariel seems be-spangled with them as if the harebells had shaken them on her (they looked sapphires on the flower) as she skimmed like the soul of a swallow over the fern.

If the senses are keenly alive and the receptive appetite for strange fancies and fantastic imaginations is strong, the very breath of the distant refreshment-tables comes like "a stream of rich distilled perfumes," wafted like

Sabian odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabia the blest,

—while we are bending over Strazza's 'Ishmael,' marking how he pants upon the soft desert sand, his hair dank with the very damps of death—his fevered mouth gaping like a starving bird's, the empty cup, mocking at his thirst, dropping from his parched, dry, relaxing hand, worn and wasted with the burning march—forsaken, as he thinks, even by his very mother—deserted by the angels that hover over childhood. At this moment comes an incense-bearing gale, a breath of the Mocha groves, as if from the black tent of an Arab chief, and the vision is consummated. Or perhaps we are looking up at the flashing eye and fine compressed mouth of the Maid of Saragossa, marking the lighted match in one hand and the uplifted Crucifix in the other, trampling on the flag of Aragon and Castile, her bosom swelling with love of the dead Spaniard at her feet, and scorn and hatred for the Frenchman rushing to the breach below. Then, as if to vivify our thoughts of *muchacha* and *moco*, rises the aroma of the frothed chocolate with the same fragrance that exhilarated Montezuma and refreshed the conqueror at Pavia worn with business of the state. Puck might tire himself in such a place with pleasant fancies.

The general impression that the modern sculpture gives us is that it is all monumental, and that every statue is a tombstone erected in affectionate remembrance of some Greek precursor. Is Art, we think to ourselves, to be for ever calmly sleeping at the grave of Phidias, visited in its slumber by the beautiful but evanescent dreams of its dead progenitor? Are we to be for ever trampled down into insipidity by the hoofs of Greek nightmares, or scared by the omnipotent but lifeless vampires of extinct religions? Had not M. Debay genius enough to animate his spiteful-looking 'Modesty,' really nothing but a beautiful shrew, with a Christian virtue that might dethrone the marble goddess of an obscene creed? Have our artists, sculptors, poets, and novelists entered into secret compact to eternally make Virtue tedious and ugly and dis-comforted, and Vice beautiful, seductive and victorious? Though the villains of novels may push the heroes from our minds, we still hope that if there is any vitality in our Belief, the beautiful and armed angel of Christianity may still drive out for ever from the Paradise of Art those sinful spirits of mythology

who were once its fitting denizens, but now live there only to profane it. The modern sculptor has still a thousand unattained ideals. Subjects never treated, and subjects never treated successfully. Both these, then, are untrodden paths for rising genius that may lead from obscurity to fame. An ideal attained is henceforward unworthy the aspirations of the great. The fiery chariot that bore Elijah to Heaven descended no more to earth,—certainly never to be driven for hire through the streets of Jerusalem.

Yet, in spite of the dozens of second-hand Venuses that meet the eye, the Andromedas bound to rocks with watch-chains, and the Nymphs ballet-dancing and posture-making, too self-conscious to be modest or too obtrusively modest to be virtuous,—in spite of men enervated to womanhood and women fit only for the "Bower of Vain Delights," the old mythology is not yet exhausted and Scripture is scarcely touched. We have never yet seen a sculptor attempt to represent Pandora newly animated or Pandora kneeling to open the casket. Pan mourning for Syrinx, and Daphne pursued by Apollo, are subjects which an imagination that required no guide would rejoice in.

The Scripture subjects require what a violinist would call "more elbow" than we see in Sangiorgio's *Prodigal Son* (No. 145), which is merely a disconsolate looking man who might have taken a bad shilling. Magni's *David* (146) is a similar instance of a spirited life-study, in the face of which we see nothing of the poet or the sage, the king or the psalmist;—nothing but a melo-dramatic, effeminate-looking stage brigand, in an affected attitude, who does not look as if he had strength or vigour for the deed. Canova's *Magdalen* (138) is another instance of a poetic but not a religious treatment of a religious subject,—though the statue is perhaps severer in sentiment than the usual productions of this ball-room sculptor. That Canova knew many sinners we do not doubt,—and Napoleon's lovely, thin-clad sister may have furnished him with everything but the repentance visible in this figure. It might, however, be more deservedly called "A Venus weeping," and the bow of Cupid would take the place of the cross.—Dupré's *Dead Body of Abel* (143) exhibits another fault, but one of equal magnitude. The subject is not religiously treated; it is a subject which could not tell its story and could never be anything but what it is—a clever, accurate study from the life. The fact is interesting which Mrs. Jameson relates, that the young artist almost starved himself in order to save money to buy materials for this work, which proved successful, and was bought by the Grand Duke of Florence. How many a sculptor has starved himself to death in order to study life,—how many a poet has read himself blind in order that his poems might see the light! These generous sacrifices are made every day around us,—but modern civilization does not deify every Curtius that leaps into the gulf.

To produce a great statue two things are particularly requisite:—that the thought should be a great one before the marble is shaped, and that the artist should have fully worked up to the height of his conception of that thought. Now, there are some cases here where one of these requisites is wanting, and some where both are absent.

To turn the eye from one of the painted ginger-bread kings of the Gothic Court to the works of Phidias is as great a contrast, from dream to reality, as it is to turn for a moment from the toy knights of the Gothic screen to the stone human beings of the Grecian Court, which seem but just turned to stone by a glance at Medusa's head.

The Death of Milo is an instance of a repulsive and impossible subject continually represented by modern sculptors, not from any love of the scene, but from the advantages it presents for a display of technical excellencies,—muscles that nobody would care if they were forgotten, and conventional "chisel-manship" which no one appreciates. Always repulsive, it is often ludicrous,—producing an emotion quite antagonistic to that wished to be produced.

Monti's *Veritas* (150) is an instance of the pleasure felt in an easy mechanical trick being in-

dulged in to the utter destruction of the true spirit of the subject. Truth is unadorned, and needs no wanton veil of "woven air."

That great sculptor Thorwaldsen gives us another variety of artistic falsity. Two colossal busts of *Napoleon* and *Byron* (227 and 228), executed without ever having seen the originals; and, of course, timid failures. Nothing shows more the transitional state of this great art than Mrs. Jameson's notices of the present position of the original statues. No one seems to buy even those that have obtained prizes. The purest works of the modern school, that have been modelled for the shops, moulded in relief in plates and dishes—sold even as toys in the street—still remain gathering premature dust in their sculptor's studio. Lawlor's *Bathing Nymph* (36), a simple and elegant figure of ideal womanhood,—Marshall's *Sabrina* (51), beautiful and flowing as a sister of one of the youths of Praxiteles,—both linger where an artist loves yet sighs to see them. It is a singular feeling with which artists regard their works, engaged as they are daily in forming creations which have no sooner gladdened their eyes than they are torn from them, as death tears the children from the father. The poet may gaze daily on his productions, sold or unsold: whether locked up in his desk or fluttering over the world, they are still beside him as before; but the painter and the sculptor have no sooner accomplished their task than the great wind comes, as it did of old into the sibyl's cave, scattering their pictured dreams and half-shaped prophecies whither they know not, and cannot follow.

At present, Art depends upon the patronage of gratified wealth; and its existing mission seems to be to idealize ugliness, and to perpetuate the grovelling passions of pride and vanity. Never were the Horses of the Sun harnessed before to such a dust-cart.

A singular evidence of the uncertainty of the artistic mind is its incapability of grappling with so simple and unentangled a question as modern costume. Can we not ascertain whether form is the groundwork of the sculptor's art? Having ascertained this, let us consider next whether clothing diminishes or increases the beauty of form. If it diminishes, what species of costume will least injure it?—and if it increases it, what species of garb will most enhance it? We might soon decide whether the human body, unimproved by the tailor, is ugly, loathsome, or otherwise; and whether it is not moulded by the Divine Sculptor, according to unknown laws, in a beauty so subtle as to escape almost our comprehension, and to be rather felt than reasoned upon. If there is any standard for taste and beauty, we might decide whether the angular is more beautiful than the elliptic or not, by observing in which Nature most delights; believing, as we do, that Beauty is the law of nature, and typical of the greatest glories of Heaven. But allowing the toga—though it is after all nothing but the plaid—to be more beautiful than the frock-coat, and the Attic virgin's robe than the modern gown,—it does not still follow that we shall wrap up Lord Brougham in a toga,—or represent Dr. Johnson semi-nude like Diogenes. With our growing love for naturalism, this spurious sort of idealism will probably soon grow distasteful. But the question is, if these ephemeral changes of dress, as well as the unfitness for sculpture, do not require us to preserve the nude figure as the necessary basis of the sculptor's art?

The colossal figures of Rubens and Duquesne please because they are animated, vigorous and picturesque:—they are posed grandly, and show off their trappings and feathers by that sort of bearing which prevents a king from becoming a mere walking jeweller's shop. But who can refrain from smiling at Sir Robert Peel's gigantic inexpressibles, exaggerating and hinting, and yet deforming, the leg beneath. For all athletic purposes, the mat of the South Sea Islander and the lion-skin of the Hottentot are a thousand times more picturesque than the impoverished tail coat. It does not explain its object:—it has not got an object. In that swallow-tail, as it is profanely called (remembering that every motion of the African bird is graceful),

a large pocket slung behind?—Are those upright collars guarantees of the existence of a shirt?

Is there any connexion between Mr. Dargan and the Murder of the Innocents? The hand in the breeches-pocket, particularly when it is a hand that sometimes is seen outside that pocket and not always shut, may be a beautiful symbol of material wealth, but it is not peculiarly graceful.

Another unfortunate use of costume is the small group of Dante's *Paolo and Francesca*, by Mr. Westmacott (Junior). The archaisms are exaggerated,—the pointed toes may "point a moral," but they do not adorn the tale; and the hat is big enough, not for one, but for the pair.—In his *Children with a Pony and Hound* (33) Mr. Jones has evaded rather than overcome the difficulty of modern dress very ingeniously, by representing one child, with bare legs, on the pony and the other rolling on the ground, loosely clad.

But enough of animalversion!—let us praise, for we have ample opportunity, and all around us inducements. Mr. Bailly has a few of his best works here:—his twin *Eves*, his *Graces*, and his *Nymph preparing to bathe* (3).—Mr. Bell's *Dorothea* (5A), shrinking and graceful,—and the *Eagle Slayer* (6), vigorous and poetical.—Mr. Gibson, as Greek as an Englishman ought to be to be original, with his pure Greek subjects and pure Greek taste, his *Venus*, *Flora*, *Aurora*, *Psyche*, *Hellas*, and *Narcissus*, musters very strong;—Mr. Lawlor has some simple domestic subjects;—Mr. Legrew is versatile, —and Mr. Lough powerful, but unequal;—Mr. Macdowall elegant, full of dignity and pathos,—and Mr. Marshall poetical and unaffected.

Bacon, correct and uniform, and Roubiliac, vivacious and fluttering, do not compensate for the entire want of any specimens of the works of Flaxman, Chantrey, and Banks,—but we hope these blanks will be filled up. English sculpture cannot afford to have any of its branches unrepresented.

Amongst the French works, which we have not before noticed, we may particularize the two beautiful Neapolitan studies, by Duret:—the *Neapolitan Dancer* (98) and the *Neapolitan Improvisatore* (99). The dancing youth is full of animation and grace,—and the face of the Improvisatore is very arch; and the teeth seem to glisten and the eyes to sparkle under the vine crown; and the Figaro air of the whole attitude is in fine keeping with the abandonment of the vintage time.—*Night*, by Pollet (115), is original in treatment; but he is, in all his works, inclined to a voluptuousness almost inherent to French Art, seen in Lequesne, Houdon, and in the pulpy flesh that marble turns to in Pradier's hands. Of a Venetian's flesh-painting it was said, "prick it, it will bleed,"—so of Pradier's faces, it seems that if we were to put our lips to them they would redder.—Barré's *Bacchante* (83) is a successful *fantasia* on the old Greek theme. The head is a Pompadour head, the eyes are dulled with wine, and a languid, fixed smile is upon the full lips.—Another *Bacchante*, by Clodion (90), carries a little satyr on her rounded shoulder, and is very playful and spirited, and the expression so happily treated as to lead one to forget for a time even the grace of its flowing lines.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Modern Buildings and Monuments in Munich.

SINCE my last visit to Munich many of the great designs of the late King Louis have been completed. Nor does it seem as if any important architectural or ornamental additions to the capital of Bavaria are, for the moment, in contemplation, beyond the Propylæum which is to connect the Glyptothek with the Temple used for the Exhibition of modern works of Art. So that a few "more last words" may, perhaps, be not unfitly said, concerning a city which has naturally excited so much attention and curiosity in the world of Art,—and honourably, moreover, since honour is due to poetical intention valued apart from the form and shape into which it is thrown.

I confess, however, that on revisiting Munich and studying the buildings, monuments, &c., which some years ago I saw sketched out

here, a certain sadness of impression is the result, when I think of the genial aspirations, intellectual desires, and the prodigious amount of hand and head labour which have been here expended, and consider how little—how very little—there is, now that all is done, which satisfies the mind or touches the heart.

There is the huge *Bavaria*, for instance, whose inauguration on the *Theresien Wiese* was so picturesquely described by Miss Howitt, and whose two hands when I last saw them were starting up in two huge cases, fresh from the mould, separate and gigantic, in the Stiglismayer foundry. There she stands, mild and Titanic, more heavy than dignified in her form, more academical than national in the cast of her features, more theatrical than solemn in the attitude,—an inexpressive mass when viewed from a distance; when approached, dwarfing into nothingness the three-sided Doric portico behind her, which is devoted to memorials of Bavarian worth and genius.—"Why Doric?" is merely a repetition of the question which I asked when I saw the Grecian *Katibon Vathalla*, with its Valkyriur, for Caryatides, looking down on the Danube. But before any voice could answer, I had turned away,—as, indeed, turned most of the fifty or sixty sight-seers who were visiting the *Ruhmes-Halle* at the same time as myself. The great *Bavaria*, after a moment's speculation, was unheeded for the sake of a low blue undulating line which, as the clouds rose, came out on the clear afternoon horizon. The huge inexpressive bronze, and its unmeaning surroundings, were forgotten in the excitement of a glimpse at the Tyrolean Alps. Was it well chosen to expose any handiwork to frequent chances of such neglect? At all events, Schwanthaler's great image is not divine enough to abide the trial.

Herr Ziebland's *Basilica*, too, has been thrown open since I was last in Munich, and may, I presume, be considered as complete, unless painted glass be introduced to tone down the patches of white light which—and not a general illumination—is the effect produced by its many small windows. At the west end of the Church, the composition made up of three such oblong holes and four quadrangular boxes within which the organ is arranged, could hardly be less agreeable. There are details of great beauty, it is true, which the eye can pick out and admire,—but the impression of the interior as a whole is of effort without effect—of an arbitrary massing together of rich and heterogeneous things—and of indifference to proportion. The extreme narrowness of the side aisles gives an air of needless clumsiness to the forest of pillars of Tyrolean marble, which in themselves are beautiful.—Then, the paleness of these pillars, and the melancholy grey and greenish tints of the mosaic pavement, disappoint the eye, which is wandering among the frescoes of the clerestory or glancing up to the rich azure and gold and brown roof, or admiring the medallions that border the nave—reminded the while of *San Paolo fuori le mura* at Rome.—Then, to pass outside, the whole building too much resembles one of the Italian *basilicas* before the encruster came and illuminated them with his marbles.—In place of *Campanile*, the circular apse at the eastern end is backed by a wall, pierced with arches: the first device of religious Poverty, when she became just a few pence too rich to be contented that the church bells should swing from the branches of some convenient tree, or from the wooden gallows with its shed-roof which makes so charming an object on many a mountain side. The indefensible twin cupola towers of the old cathedral here, nay, even the quaint funnel which stands for spire to the Greek church, are turned to and looked for with absolute relish after such a disappointment. Their *rococo* ugliness is better than the prim pedantry of this utter meanness.

But the most curious novelty of all, perhaps, is the new *Pinakothek*, in which some of the leading features of Munich Architecture and Art are driven to their extreme consequences. The flat style is, beyond all question, the style of building preferred in the Bavarian capital. In the Ludwig Strasse the eye aches for the sight of anything to break the insipid formality of the square blocks of

building. Flat is the Library, save for the four statues that sit at its door; and if we turn to the more artistic quarters of the town, and look at the most recent expressions of flatness,—flat is a certain house, built by a certain sovereign, for a certain *Doña Lola*, in which, Jesuitical defamation avowed, was the famous room hung with *guipure*. It may have been in the fitness of things, however, that her bower should be designed to look like nothing so much as a trinket chest in *terra cotta*. Thus, too, if irony be allowed to reason where Taste has fallen short,—this new *Pinakothek*, or gallery for the works of modern artists, may have been planned to resemble the old-fashioned, oblong, cubical paint-box, which every embryo Raphael knows so well the shape of. What design there is, is confined to the ends of the building, since the ridge-like second elevation, by which a second story is equivocally gained, looks rather like an after-thought than a part of the original idea, and gives little variety or play of line to the structure. The two façades, front and back, are little more than long walls,—the latter pierced with windows, topped with a cornice little richer than a lady's piece of knitting. The explanation lies, no doubt, in the fact that this box to hold pictures was intended to be decorated with pictures on the outside. This has been done accordingly; and side by side, along the front, are ranged seven huge frescoes, devoted to the progress of Art in Bavaria,—designed in that semi-historical, semi-mystical style, which is so dear to German painters;—so easy to take a degree in, but so hard for the uninitiated to understand. The pictures themselves are ineffective, oddly recalling the scenic temptations hung outside booths at fairs,—though without the relief to the spectator's mind there arising from the knowledge, that when he is tired of staring at *Pegasus* and the gentleman attitudinizing at the door of the temple, and other like allegories and realities, the curtain will rise, and some real mystery and merriment be disclosed to him. The frescoes of the new *Pinakothek* are colossal full-length portraits on a white ground, a window betwixt each individual, and above the heads a company of Cupids, supporting garlands, with tablets containing the names of the artists praised, by being painted. These are Thorwaldsen—Von Klenze—Cornelius—Ohnmüller—P. Hess—Gärtner—Schnorr—H. Hess—Rottmann—Ziebland—Schwanthaler—Schorn—Kaulbach—Schrandolph—all dressed in modern costume. The effect of such a row on a bald white wall, with windows betwixt them, and Loves and wreaths above, must, whatever be the distance from which they are viewed, be more arcadian than artistic—more grotesque than grandiose. It might not have been needful to dwell on all or any of these shortcomings, had not that which has been achieved in Munich been again and again propounded admiringly to the English,—and not in regard to the will which commanded, but in praise of the deed when executed. C.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The inhabitants of Brecon have determined to erect a statue of the Duke of Wellington on a commanding site near their church. The height of the statue and pedestal will be eighteen feet. Mr. J. Evan Thomas is to be the artist employed in thus ornamenting his (we believe) native town.

The necessary permission has been obtained for placing the statues of Lord Jeffrey and Lord President Boyle in the recesses formerly used as Lord Ordinaries' Courts, on the east side of the Outer House of the Court of Session—the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh. Lord Jeffrey's statue will, it is expected, be placed in its position before the meeting of the Courts in November.

The German *Kunstblatt* speaks in high terms of a rich stained-glass window lately given by a merchant of Hamburg to St. Katherine's Church, in that city. The subject is Overbeck's picture of 'Christ teaching the Lord's Prayer to his Disciples.'

All the chief painters of Vienna are preparing frescoes for the decoration of the *Allerherrenfelder* Church.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THE MINOR THEATRES.

THE present lull in theatrical affairs affords a convenient opportunity for some notice, however brief, of the minor theatres that flourish under the name of "Saloons." There has been much objection at different times taken to these places of amusement, and their legality has even been impugned. With regard to the latter, we may leave the case in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain and other authorities, who have not only seen reason to permit their continued operations, but have licensed specific dramatic pieces, both "new" and "original," for performance. The anomalies that may exist in the administration of the law must, we take it, be reconciled in another manner than by the suppression of these establishments, if they be found to work beneficially on the whole—that is, to aid in any degree in the education of the popular mind. That they have already done so is the main argument for their existence—an argument altogether practical, and to which legislation must suit itself as it may. The legitimate drama, when neglected at more costly theatres, has from time to time taken refuge in these "people's palaces"—and this term we use advisedly, for the accommodations provided in them for the audience are by no means of a despicable description. "A shilling," says the *Musical Transcript*, in an article directed against their existence,—"*a shilling paid at the Grecian will take you to a place quite equal to a seat in the upper boxes of any London theatre; sixpence paid at the Britannia will make you one of a throng in a spacious pit.*" The boxes at the Grecian are indeed luxurious places, and for convenience are not only equal to the upper boxes alluded to, but to the usual dress circles. But more important is the fact that the higher drama has found a home on the stage of the Saloon when driven from that of the Theatre. Nor has the Drama migrated as an abstract entity;—its histrionic professors have gone over with it—Mr. Anderson, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Charles Pitt, Mr. George Bennett, and others who have won "golden opinions" from the masses in return for their performance of Shakspearian parts. Plays of the highest class have attracted the most crowded audiences, when illustrated with sufficient histrionic talent. The five-act drama, under such circumstances, has been found the most popular form of composition. The taste for it exists in the public mind—all that it requires is, that it should be well acted. The best acting and the best pieces have, by this process, been exhibited at these places. In this course of proceeding, however, it should be added, that they have manifestly followed the example set at various times by suburban theatres of higher character, such as Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone.

Within the last few months a transient change has come over the Saloons, owing likewise, to the force of example at more fashionable managements. At the time that the Saloons were showing that the grosser forms of stage-compilation no longer had attraction for the better educated of the lower classes, it pleased the manager of the Princess's to take melo-drama under his especial protection, and to dress it up with scenery and costly accessories for the amusement of a more aristocratic audience. The resort to this inferior kind of play-writing was not complimentary, when properly considered, either to that audience or to the actor; and indeed, the plea for it was that of the tyrant—"Necessity." The public, said the manager, "have no taste—they will not come to see me in *Richard the Third*; I must therefore do what they will come to see." For awhile the proprietors of Saloons seemed to believe that the influential conductor of the Oxford Street theatre might have detected an approaching change in public taste—and *The Courier of Lyons* with "Faust and Marguerite," accordingly made their appearance within the last few weeks on those stages. We are happy to find that the experiment was merely tentative. With the closing of the great metropolitan theatres, their influence has ceased, and the Saloons again have returned, or give sign of returning, to a more

normal and wholesome condition. Even Mr. N. T. Hicks, the great melo-dramatic hero of transpontine reputation, is taking to regular tragedy; and we find him this week announced at the Victoria, for *Macbeth*, *William Tell*, *Pizarro* and *King Lear*.

The closing of "The Princess's" theatre has also, oddly enough, led to a new phase in the history of Saloon performances. Mr. Ryder, whose portly person and sonorous voice made him of importance at Mr. Kean's theatre, and whose impersonation of *Salomene*, in Byron's "Sardanapalus," was really the one piece of acting in that play on which there could not be two opinions in regard to its excellence;—Mr. Ryder, we say, thinks it not beneath his dignity to step in the same week from the stage of the Princess's to that of the Bower Saloon. This saloon—the latest—has, we believe, been hitherto also the lowest of its kind. It has grown from the soil, in a crowded neighbourhood of the Stangate, Lambeth, and has for a long period had the marks of its origin upon it. But, as at the touch of an enchanter's wand, the character of the edifice has been instantaneously changed. During the present week, Mr. Ryder is engaged to perform *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *The Stranger*.

'*Othello*' was advertised for last Monday, and we took advantage of the occasion to see Mr. Ryder in a class of character pre-occupied at the establishment from which he had temporarily wandered. Once, at that theatre, owing to Mr. Kean's indisposition, he performed *Macbeth*, and received great applause;—but the opportunity, we believe, was not again afforded. We were, therefore, pleased to witness his *Othello* at the Bower Saloon, and are still more pleased at being able to make a satisfactory report of his acting. Mr. Ryder's personal appearance was imposing, his command of the text perfect, and his manner impressive, sometimes striking.

The Bower Saloon is, we understand, undertaken by its new management for the purpose of introducing provincial talent to the metropolitan boards as a place convenient of access to London managers, who may thus be enabled to witness the various trials of new candidates for employment. The idea is a good one, and merits success. We may therefore regard the parties engaged in the performance of '*Othello*' on Monday as on such trial; and while we desire to speak of all of them with respect, we may distinguish one for especial commendation. Mr. Silvertown, who performed *Brabantio*, is decidedly a promising actor, and already superior to many on the London boards.

The movement made at the Saloons we may then safely conclude is, on the whole, beneficial; and now that we see the last lifted from the degradation of its origin, and its performances directed into a channel of decided utility, we can scarcely be wrong in inferring that, besides the part which they are so well calculated to play in the education of the people, they may also become profitable nurseries of actors for the higher-priced theatres. That they can ever prove prejudicial to the pecuniary interests of these establishments, is, we believe, altogether a fallacy;—it is, however, on this fallacy only, that the opposition to their existence has been instituted. With the exposure of the error, the enmity will naturally cease; and the so-called "privilege" be readily permitted to these humble halls of dramatic instruction, without exciting jealousy or envy on account of their acknowledged and indeed indisputable success.

MARYLEBONE.—This theatre was opened on Wednesday for one night, to give Mr. Frederick Robinson, of Sadler's Wells, the opportunity of testing his claims in *Hamlet*. This gentleman's youth and pleasing style have already made him a favourite with the public; and his reception with a numerous audience was flattering. To a considerable extent he justified the applause that he received. Physically limited in power, his animation constantly sustained him; and his performance was throughout so correctly measured and nicely balanced that it was uniformly pleasing. In all the more important situations he showed great mental force, and hit every point with a

decision that told on the audience. With the requisite practice, his voice and action would strengthen in parts like these; and, probably, this trial has been undertaken for the purpose of inducing the Islington management to trust him with the more weighty characters of the drama. It is evident that Mr. Robinson has great ambition; but it is one that is legitimate and laudable, and, sustained by talent, merits encouragement.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE interest that I feel in the future prospects of the Royal Academy of Music must plead my excuse for again troubling you with a few remarks, in reply to your article of last week.

When I stated that the Pianoforte was better taught in the present day than before the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music, I did not mean that four such names as Moscheles, Ries, John Cramer and Kalkbrenner could not be picked out of the then resident professors of the metropolis,—but I endeavoured to show that the general tone of the art had been, within the last twenty years, materially elevated by the whole body of musical teachers; and that this had been mainly produced by the pupils of the Royal Academy stepping into the places previously occupied by men whose incompetence had been sanctified by time.

With regard to the music taught in those days, it might be well to refer to some of the music-books then to be found in the drawing-rooms of amateurs, and compare them with those of the present time. That Monzani & Hill's edition of Beethoven's works was called for by some of the best professors and their best pupils there can be little doubt; but the name of Beethoven, even to the majority of advanced amateurs, was then as frightful to the ear in its mysterious, awful classicality as the name of Bach is now; and that they have both been advanced to their present place in public estimation is chiefly owing to the exertions of those who have received their education at the Royal Academy of Music.

Again, the establishment of colleges, where the musical education is entirely confided to professors from the Academy, is an organization which no person's single exertion can equal. In private teaching, the professor (whatever his standing may be) is to a certain extent controlled by his pupil in the choice of music; in the colleges, the teaching of the best works is the system, and thus the plan of tuition laid down in the Royal Academy of Music is reflected *ad infinitum* throughout the metropolis.

Here, then, the professor and the performer (although not necessarily two distinct persons) must afford mutual assistance to the growth of Art, inasmuch as it would be useless to perform the best compositions unless a public had been meanwhile educated to appreciate them.

With regard to solo performers, it must always be recollected that to award an undue amount of praise to a foreign name is a fashion; and it is by no means proved therefore that the majority of the second-class teachers from the Continent resident here are in any respect superior to the English professors; and indeed I may safely affirm that I have often heard a solo performed at our first concerts by a foreign artist, when eight or ten of the English pianists who are listening could play it as well.

In conclusion, I may say that so far from "narrowing" the Academy's claims on our musical sympathies, I have attempted to show that its results are widening with time; and that a bare list of solo performers, however I might be able to add to those already given, cannot be said to form its only claim to public attention. The institution will now be placed on a firm footing, and every exertion made to ensure its continuance as a national school of music. Whatever the result may be, it cannot be forgotten that the *Athenæum* has been the counsel to open the case with the public; and that it has done so with an earnest desire to allow a fair trial is fully proved by the courtesy with which my remarks have been met.

August 21.

I am, &c. HENRY C. LUNN.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The managers of Sadler's Wells have changed their intention as to the opening piece of the season which will commence this evening. The intention announced was to begin with a Shakspearian play, —and 'Cymbeline' was proposed; but Mr. Lovell's 'Provost of Bruges' has been substituted, in order to gain time for preparation.

Parisian journals announce the recent death of M. Desmousseaux, one of the old actors of the *Théâtre Français*.—Mlle. Juliette Dillon, too, is dead. She was organist of the Cathedral at Meaux, and an eccentric musician into the bargain; composing and attempting improvisation, in the highest fantastic style conceivable, writing also criticism, equally fantastic, in the journals, and editing (the *feuilleton* of M. Jules de Prémaray tells us) a musical journal of her own, *L'Avenir Musical*. Her writing, and, we have been told, her music, were not without touches of genius.

The yearly festival of the Swiss Singing Societies was this year held at Winterthur, on the 17th of last month; and is described as having gone off with great spirit and success.

"As a close to my notes on the festivities and amusements which have been provided for the strangers and inhabitants in Munich during the *Zollerwein* Exhibition," writes our Correspondent, "I have still a gleaming or two to offer. Enough has hardly been said,—not merely concerning the great success of the twelve dramatic performances, wound up (by the way) with a banquet at which H.M. the King appeared an unexpected guest, but to signalize the general excellence of the Munich Theatre under its present management. The list of high German dramas cast with unprecedented strength has already been given; but, in addition to these, the theatre can present, and present worthily, the translated 'Antigone' and 'Edipus,' with Mendelssohn's choruses,—those light pieces from the French, in which all Europe will delight,—and, most of all, commands a Shakspearian repertory, the width and popularity of which makes an Englishman apt to turn aside with an 'Ahem!' and a cough of shame, should some inquisitive neighbour at the supper-table, or in a railway carriage, question him as to what may be seen in London! Fancy in one week 'Hamlet,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' and 'Richard the Second,' (if the last performance, which was a royal 'command,' be not postponed in consequence of the frightful death of the King of Saxony). The average execution of all these plays, too, has been clever, highly-finished, respectful as regards the author, self-respecting on the part of the artists concerned in them. The old-fashioned, tiresome and telegraphic pedantry which I formerly found so oppressive in the German theatre seems to be giving way in favour of a more natural but not less careful style of acting. The cry seems to be for authors,—but the company here is one to which any author might commit his work without fear of its being mangled or misunderstood,—in short, 'a good company.'—I have already mentioned the want of nationality in the operatic proceedings at Munich during this united German Exhibition. Unexpected truths and aids to judgment, however, sometimes turn up when the circumstances are least promising; and a hint of this kind was given me the other evening, during a poor a performance of 'La Sonnambula.' Among the audience were a group of those whom it is almost always pleasant to encounter:—four or five handsome, stalwart, bright-faced Tyrolese, a woman among them. My play was the delight of these honest folks in the play, both story and music—the eager sympathy with which they followed the poor heroine through her disasters—their displeasure when they thought her lover was going to wed another out of pique—their breathless attention in the final scene, when the somnambulist walked over the house-top (a piece of extra stage-management) and across the brittle plank above the well-wheel,—and the burden borne by head, foot, hand, and eye, to Bellini's melodies,—to which, somehow or other, their implicit credence and admiration seemed to give a life and a truth which I have failed to find when the opera has been given before

a more satiated public. There was a hint, I repeat, to playwrights and to opera-setters in the anxious emotion and exquisite delight of these untutored but not stupid recipients. There must be something in such a work which the more pedantic, elaborate, and unmelodious race of composers fail to reach, thus to defy coarse and incomplete execution, thus to move a people accustomed to such different musical emotions! Yet where is the young German—even among those not given over to Wagnerism—who cannot say harsh things of Bellini, and the *sing-song* of the Italians!—The only Concerts of any consequence given during the past fortnight have been two by the Brothers Wienawski. For other amusements the guests have had to frequent the magical performances of M. Robin, or the Circus Renz, which is a good circus, though its bills of fare are put forth in a Babylonish language, which may possibly be one of the consequences of these universal gatherings. The other night, besides the 'acts' of Herr Williams, the little Loisset, and others, the guests were promised a 'Great Steppel Chase.'

MISCELLANEA

Removal of Ink from Paper.—Mr. C. M. Archer has sent us the following:—"Observing in the *Athenæum*, of August 12, a communication from an anonymous correspondent, stating that he was in possession of a process for taking ink out of paper so as to permit of the paper being reprinted, permit me to state that ever since the announcement of the accruing scarcity of paper I directed my attention experimentally to the matter, and succeeded in discovering a beautiful, inexpensive, and effective method of 'utilizing,' if I may so term it, 'waste-paper,' and which perhaps in the present state of the paper trade may prove in its practical results to be not less important than the discovery of paper-making itself. Having brought my process to the required point, I lodged my specification, and applied for letters patent on the 18th of July last, for the invention of 'Treating all kinds of papers whereon any printing &c. has been printed or impressed so that the same may be completely removed, discharged, or obliterated from the paper, and so that it may be either re-used in sheets, or be reconverted and worked up again into its primitive pulp by the ordinary methods, and be again manufactured into and be used as paper.' In view of the importance of the paper question, and the much desiderated production of 'cheap' paper, the circumstances may be of interest to the world of letters, of which the *Athenæum* is the organ."

3, St. James's Gardens, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead Road, August 18th.

Compulsory Education.—The good that has been effected by the education clauses of the Factory Act, wherever there is a really good school, is the happy result of the first trial made in this country of a legislative compulsory education, combined with an industrial employment of the children, that brings in wages to their parents; and it does not appear to me to have received the attention it deserves from the earnest friends of the education of the working classes. It has now been shown abundantly, by the experience of nearly twenty years, that it is quite possible to give, in half a day of regular attendance at school for three or four years, a very considerable amount of solid instruction, while at the same time a child can earn no small amount of its maintenance, certainly more than sufficient to clothe it well and pay for its education. There are numerous instances of children who, while working daily in the factory, and attending school one half of the day, have made such progress that they were enabled to stand successfully the strict examination for pupil-teachers. There appears to be a growing conviction, that until there has been a succession of educated parents among the humbler classes, capable of appreciating the good to their children by a long and regular attendance at school, we never shall have them sent, if their parents can turn them to money account, small though the wages they get with them may be. It must, in some form or other, be made obligatory, and the successful working of the Factory Act in this

respect is a very successful beginning. It is a great fallacy, in my opinion, to designate such an obligation as an unjustifiable interference with parental rights; for, if such a law existed, it would be felt by those only who neglected their parental duties.—*Mr. Horner's Factory Report.*

Ventilation of Mines.—The scientific principles of ventilation were laid down by M. Jars, in 1764. In 1760 a Mr. Spedding, of Newcastle, first carried the air in one current into every part of a mine; but it was left for Mr. Buddle, in 1813, to introduce the greatest improvement in modern ventilation, the splitting of the air, which is simply providing several channels for the air to pass through the workings in lieu of one. By this means a much larger quantity of air, and consequently in a purer state, flows through the mine. To Humboldt, in 1796, we are indebted for a safety lamp to enter poisonous gases; and to George Stephenson and Davy, in October, 1815, for the splendid invention of a safety lamp for mines containing carburetted hydrogen, which has now sustained a trial of thirty-eight years, without one well-ascertained case of failure. Not more than three per cent. of the explosions of fire-damp occur in mines where safety lamps are professedly used. The ventilation of English coal-mines is generally produced by a furnace, which, being kept burning at the bottom of the upcast shaft, heats or rarefies the air, so that it ascends, whilst cold air necessarily descends another shaft into the mine to supply its place. In Belgium, where the science of ventilation is much better understood than in England, the furnaces are all being replaced by machines which pump out the air, and are more economical. They are also in that country, he regretted to say, much in advance of us in having carried out strictly the principle of ascensional ventilation, which prevents any light gas from collecting in a mine. We have much to learn from the Continent in regard to the safety of mines,—in boring, in machines for raising men, in the method of extracting the whole of the minerals, and in coking.—*Mr. H. Mackworth, Journal of the Society of Arts.*

Cast Marble.—It has long been a desideratum in the adaptation of fine art to the refined wants of daily life, as well as for purposes of science, that works of sculpture should be capable of being produced at a cheap rate. Many processes have been tried to render plaster solid; but none has hitherto proved in every respect successful, the requisite degree of transparency not having been obtained. Dr. Emil Braun has at length succeeded, we are told, in the production of a material adapted to plastic purposes, which affords the same sharpness of outlines as plaster of Paris, is scarcely inferior in whiteness to the finest statuary marble, and even surpasses it in impermeability of surface, being perfectly impervious to wet, and capable of resisting all inclemencies of weather. The inventor has already exhibited several busts and statues of this composition, which have been viewed by the sculptors and artists of Rome, who are unanimous in their opinion as to the beauty and value of the material, the fracture of which even presents a crystallized structure. This material is as well adapted for the most delicate objects as for works of colossal size; the former exhibiting the utmost refinement of execution, whilst the latter proves that it is capable of resisting any degree of weight arising from the bulk of the objects themselves. In this material fac-similes of the most beautiful monuments of ancient or modern times, architectural ornaments, &c., may be reproduced at a price not greatly exceeding that of plaster casts. Thus not only houses and museums, but also gardens and parks, and all open court-yards or spaces destined for decorative purposes, may be adorned with the finest works of sculpture which the world affords.—*Builder.*

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